

# ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

XMAS 1906



PRICE ONE SHILLING

WITH PRESENTATION PICTURES.

Published at 172, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.



# CHRISTMAS NUMBER



R. MURRAY GILCHRIST'S SUGGESTION FOR A STORY WITHOUT WORDS: "OLD TUNES SET OLD FEET DANCING."

"In short, I don't believe that in youth or heyday she had ever danced so wonderfully."

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

[SEE MR. MURRAY GILCHRIST'S NOTE ON PAGE 29. THE REST OF OUR SERIES OF STORIES WITHOUT WORDS BY FAMOUS NOVELISTS WILL BE FOUND IN THE NUMBER.]





BY APPOINTMENT TO  
HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

**ORDER  
DIRECT**

FROM THE

**GROWERS**

THE

**Most Delicious Teas in the World**

**AND SECURE A GREAT SAVING IN COST.**

Carriage Paid to  
Any Address.

In Canisters  
holding  
respectively 5, 7,  
10, 14 and 20 lbs.

Price List and  
Samples sent  
Free on Applica-  
tion.

For Xmas Gifts,  
Packed in  
Charming  
Canisters of  
Various Designs  
and Sizes.



Trade Mark.

Customers  
Abroad receive  
these Teas Free  
of English Duty,  
the Blending and  
Packing being  
done in the  
Company's own  
Bonded Ware-  
house in London.  
Large or small  
quantities will be  
forwarded to any  
part of the world.

Write for Foreign  
Price List.

**UNITED KINGDOM TEA Co. Ltd.**

**EMPIRE WAREHOUSES, LONDON.**

PARIS:—8, BOULEVARD BONNE NOUVELLE.

# Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

HAS CONSTANTLY AND STEADILY INCREASED IN  
POPULARITY AND ESTEEM,

AND IS NOW

**ACCEPTED THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE CIVILISED WORLD**

AS POSSESSING ALL THE PROPERTIES OF AN

**IDEAL AND PERFECT TABLE WATER.**

The care with which Apollinaris is collected and bottled  
is unequalled.

Apollinaris is charged with the Natural Carbonic Acid Gas  
of its own Spring.

Apollinaris is bottled only at the Apollinaris Spring.

Apollinaris is mildly and pleasantly alkaline.

Taken alone at meal time, without any addition, Apollinaris  
acts as a refreshing tonic and restorative.

Apollinaris mixes admirably with Wines and Spirits.

Annual Sales:

1880	=	=	=	8,000,000 Bottles.
1895	=	=	=	19,500,000 „
1905	=	=	=	30,000,000 „

# Fry's



FROM

## A Lecture on Cocoa,

By Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.

"A Cocoa Bean is a kind of Vegetable Egg, which contains  
all that is needed to build up a living body. . . . Cocoa is  
a combination of foods—of true foods in every sense of the  
term. . . . But see that you get a really good Cocoa.  
I should say, use

# Fry's

**PURE CONCENTRATED**

# Cocoa

which is my Ideal of Perfection. There is No Better Food."



# IN THE LAND OF KING FROST.

DRAWN BY HOLLAND TRINGHAM.

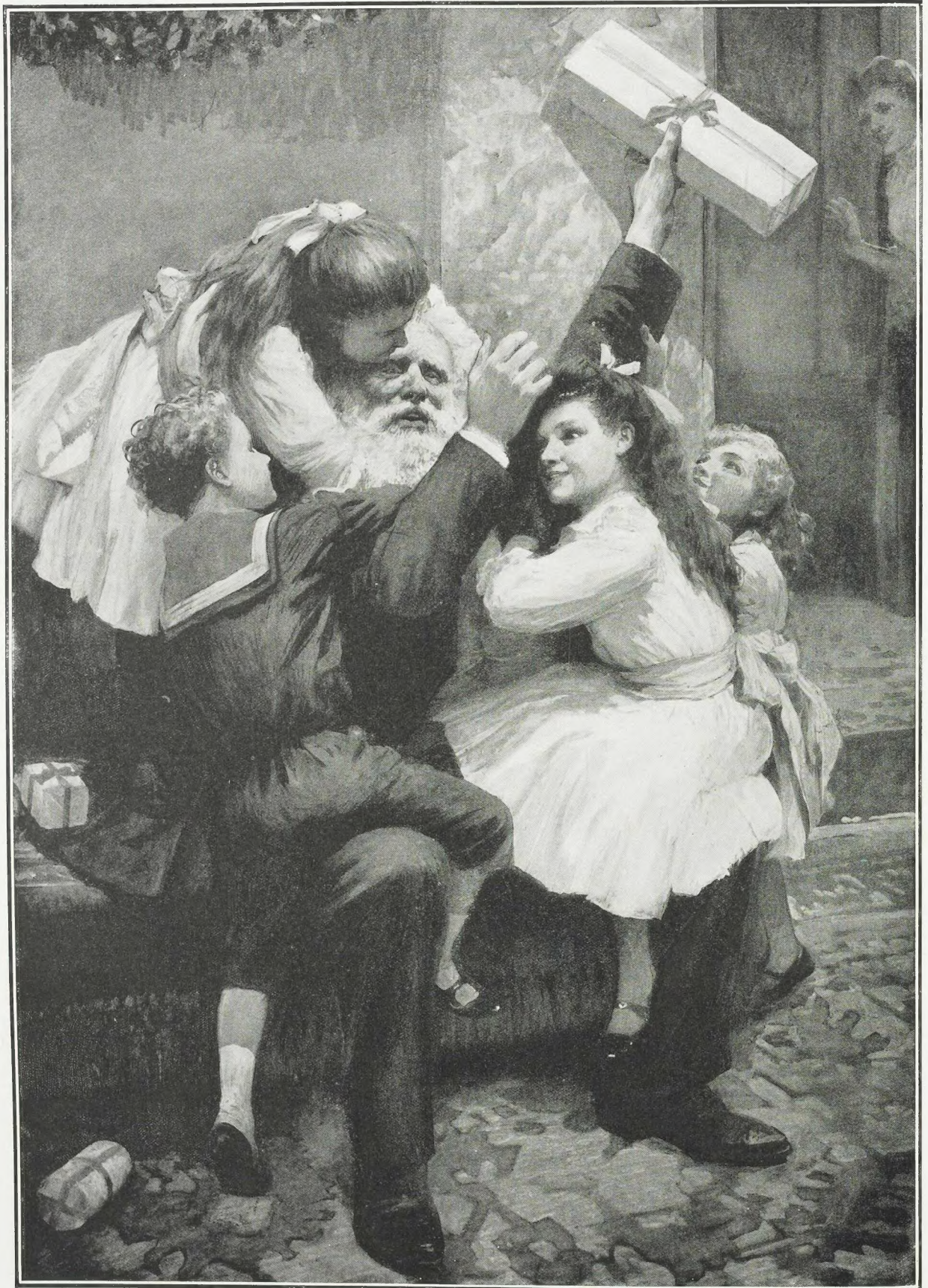


"A LUSTY WINTER, FROSTY, BUT KINDLY."



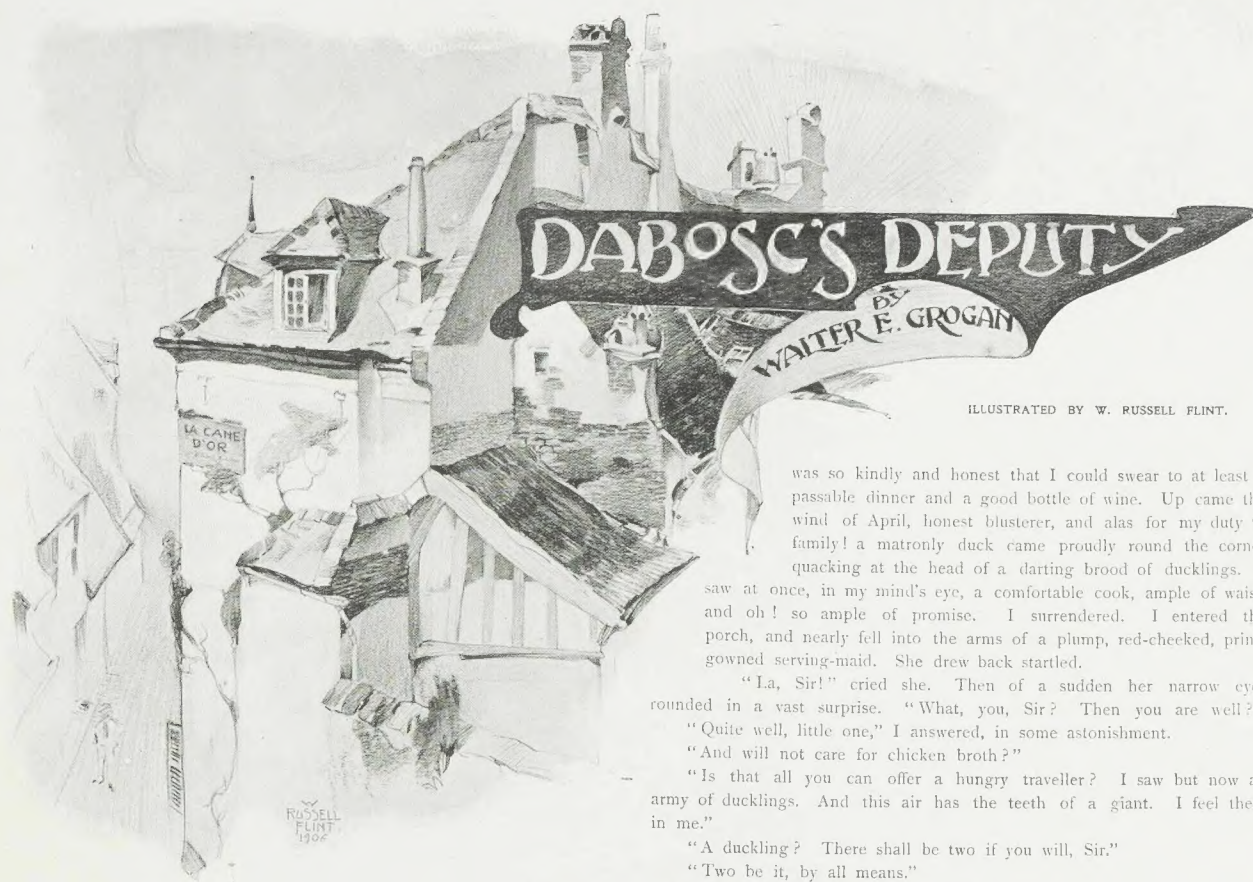
## NO NEED FOR DISGUISE!

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.



THE REAL SANTA CLAUS





ILLUSTRATED BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.

APRIL came smiling down the street. Above piled clouds of cream drifted over the blue. The air had the cool pleasantness of an honest country beauty. My years, count them as largely as I might, were twenty-three only. There is witchery in the twenty-third year, and add to it an April day, smiling, and you gather my mood. I was at the call of the wind. It played me a pretty tune, and set my feet dancing in fantastic ways, as you will see.

The hour was five. There was an inn on the left of the street. Imagine to yourself an inn where the roof is red-tiled, where the windows are dormer, where the porch is deep, where the white honest face of it is rugged and lined with the lean arms of climbing roses. And the sun, the cool young sun of April, as impudent as a gypsy beggar, kissing the bare honest face. No wonder in June the inn would blush all over in a thousand roses! Imagine this, and remember that a young man of twenty-three—oh, divine age!—was a little weary with walking, that the air of April, if it whisper of love, whispers also of the other appetite, and you will understand why I paused and regarded the open door.

I was on a walking tour. One perpetrates follies when one is twenty-three; and at forty-three, on my honour, one would give a right hand to be able to repeat them. The village of Permatin was the Mecca of my pilgrimage. My Aunt lived there. There are duties to be performed even when one is twenty-three. I was to visit my Aunt. Providence had been kind to my Uncle. He, good man, I hope, rested well. At least he was in good and peaceful company, for he slept with our family in the Church of Our Lady and St. Denis. My Aunt was a good woman. Even her Bishop compared with her as linen a little creased of wear will with virgin snow. She had told him so. She had a niece. And I was the head of our family. So I went a journey at her bidding. I walked because I was twenty-three—an age of sudden freaks, fancies, and follies—besides, it was longer so. From Paris it was two weeks—quite two weeks. Two eyes like those of a startled fawn delayed me four days at Brimbeaux. The walks of twenty-three are beset by such eyes as the Milky Way is by stars. They were four wasted days, though, for at their close a peasant told me stolidly that she had but halted a bare two hours there. She was posting with her father from Paris on a journey. So I sighed and came away. One pays for dreams always, even if only by four days in cramped quarters and insufferable cooking. I paused irresolute before the inn. Three hours only separated me from my estimable Aunt. On the other hand the white face of the inn

was so kindly and honest that I could swear to at least a passable dinner and a good bottle of wine. Up came the wind of April, honest blusterer, and alas for my duty to family! a matronly duck came proudly round the corner quacking at the head of a darting brood of ducklings. I saw at once, in my mind's eye, a comfortable cook, ample of waist, and oh! so ample of promise. I surrendered. I entered the porch, and nearly fell into the arms of a plump, red-cheeked, print-gowned serving-maid. She drew back startled.

"La, Sir!" cried she. Then of a sudden her narrow eyes rounded in a vast surprise. "What, you, Sir? Then you are well?"

"Quite well, little one," I answered, in some astonishment.

"And will not care for chicken broth?"

"Is that all you can offer a hungry traveller? I saw but now an army of ducklings. And this air has the teeth of a giant. I feel them in me."

"A duckling? There shall be two if you will, Sir."

"Two be it, by all means."

"Well browned, with a rich gravy?"

"You are a girl of discernment."

"And wine? My master has an excellent Burgundy."

"You should be happy serving a master who I swear must match his Burgundy."

"A Roquefort cheese?" queried this intelligent girl, in the voice of one who considers deeply.

"Go," I said. "I will not be so great a coxcomb as to teach so perfect a mistress the art of dining. But April weather will be well fed, and, Suzanne—your name should be Suzanne—"

"It shall be, Sir," she answered, smiling. I make no doubt she would have blushed had she room for extra colour. As it was, she down-dropped her eyelids. And that absurdly proud maternal duck quacked again, a pastoral spur to appetite.

"And, Suzanne," I added in a great hurry, "those who are fed quickly are fed twice."

She fled down the stone passage, a flutter of print dress, black hair, honest grey hose, and heavy boots. Before her broke a storm of orders. I smiled. They concerned the preparations of my dinner. And my Aunt—alas! pleasure is no mean foe to duty. After all, should we not fortify ourselves against trials?

The noise of a chaise driven rapidly over the cobbled stones of the road set all the odd-shaped houses, which shouldered each other in an irregular and irresolute manner on either side, echoing in an alarmed fashion. The horses slid and struck sparks at the very mouth of the porch. A door was banged. In another moment a little round man came bouncing upon me. He swept his hat from his bullet head and bowed as well as his roundness permitted him.

"A thousand pardons!" he gasped. "I fear I nearly knocked you down. I am too precipitate."

"Not a word," I assured him. "I am glad you merely stumbled against me. You might have seriously injured my friend the duck."

"Your friend the duck?" he queried, in a breathless amazement. Then he stared up at me, and his little round mouth opened in the frankest astonishment.

"'Tis you?" he cried, as though it were the most astonishing matter that I should be myself. "You are well then?" Here came the second inquiry concerning my health from the mouth of a stranger. It seemed to me they carried courtesy to a strained limit.



"I am indeed quite well," I said gravely. I smiled as I spoke, for through a half-opened door beyond came a pleasant sputtering. Upstairs, I thought I caught a feeble calling, but the internal affairs of the inn—I remember its name was "La Cane d'Or"—interested me nothing.

This absurd globular person put a fat little forefinger to his head, and then caught at my coat-sleeve with two fat little hands.

"You come back with me!" he cried.

"I have another engagement," I answered. My ducklings were on the spit—was there ever a sweeter sizzling than that singing through the half-closed door?

"We have waited two whole weeks," he asserted dramatically.

I looked at him curiously. My Aunt had a new major-domo. Could this monstrous man be he?

"Whither would you take me?" I demanded.

He laughed, pursing his small compact lips into an absurd little "O." He shook a waggish forefinger at me. I smiled at him—he was so frankly amusing. He laughed again at my smile.

"To Dipant—to her."

My Aunt reigns at Dipant—perhaps, after all, the better word is "rules." The grey Château d'Aubergne is hers. It is not greyer than the life which—but she is a good woman.

"She is anxious to see me?" I demanded.

He coughed. It was an irritating cough. It was an embarrassed cough. It hinted at diffident subjects, of diplomacies outraged by a too-direct frankness. After all, it seemed to me that the sending of a chaise seven miles on a vague chance of finding me at an impossible inn argued a certain measure of anxiety.

"It has been arranged—" he commenced with a grave air that sat but oddly on his comical personality.

"No more," I said. "I understand. There has been little love lost between us. I pay a duty, that is all. Some creditors must be paid."

He stared at me, it seemed a little blankly. But he was relieved.

"Her high rank is well known, my dear Bertran," he commenced.

"To none better than myself," I said, a trifle haughtily if the truth be told. I wanted no rotund major-domo to instruct me as to my family. Besides, I disliked the familiarity. Twenty-three resented the Christian name on the lips of a servant, even if a privileged one.

"Of course," he said. "Will you be pleased to take your seat?"

A fragrant odour stole out of the kitchen. I swear they were lordly ducklings.

"A moment!" I cried. "This engagement of mine! To be frank—I have arranged to dine."

"To dine!" His round body tried to express astonishment. Though it failed, I understood.

"This is a house of treasures hit upon hap-hazard. Two ducklings, my good Sir. Ah, may we all be as fit to die when our time comes as they undoubtedly were."

"But the hour!" he expostulated, though I saw his plump lips moisten.

"The dinner-bell has sounded within me. The hour to dine is then."

"Ah, you are young," he said sadly. There spoke the forties. A sympathy caught me—that and an appreciation of my own goodly estate.

"Youth is fleeting—so 'twere a waste not to enjoy its advantages." "But dinner here! We have a chef from Paris. Come at once. Your soup shall be a dream, your fish superb, your entrée a foreshadowing of Paradise."

I looked at him. There was poetry in his little round eyes. A man with such a waist must be an authority.

"I come!" I cried. Then I added lustily, "Suzanne!" She came running. "I go to Dipant—I forsake the ducklings." I put a gold piece in her hand.

"To Dipant!" she cried. "Ah, Sir, the best of happiness for you!"

Surely a quaint wish, I thought, as I plunged into the interior of the chaise. My round little friend squeezed in after me, the door banged in his energetic hands, and we were off. Through the porch came a valedictory whiff of those ducklings. Princes they must have been in their own

pond-world! Then I fell to wondering at the signs of a sweet reason in my Aunt. A Parisian chef! Alas, I remembered the niece! Was this a conspiracy? Was I to swallow the niece with the divine entrées of the chef? It was ominous. My Aunt—she was before all the world a good woman, a woman bristling with goodness—saw no one but members of her family. She was an anchorite. She lived in a land that might have been a desert for all she knew of her neighbours, and on an ascetic plan bred melancholia. A chef! A bait, with the hooked nose of the niece behind!

Upon these musings broke the brisk pipe of the major-domo. It was not an unpleasant voice, it was full, yet high, like the voice of a well-fed canary. But had that hypothetic canary barked at me with his little bill, I should not have experienced a greater consternation.

"Now, my dear Dabosc, if you be resigned to the loss of the ducklings, let us speak of your marriage," said this plump person, who should have been Ambassador to the culinary regions.

I gasped. At twenty-three, however, consternation is not paralysing. The wits are nimble. I retained sufficient presence of mind to remain

speechless in a contemplative fashion. In truth, it was an awkward position. Have you suffered from a double? Bertran—the fellow had the impudence to be baptised in my name—Dabosc was very like me in the cut of his features. To those who knew us well mistakes were impossible. Dabosc never had my air. To be frank, the impossible creature was vulgar. His grandfather was a small snuff-merchant; his great-grandfather never existed. But Bertran Dabosc had money—half a million, I believe—and such is the modern world that one met him everywhere. Paris permitted him to fête it. In truth, he was a good-natured, rather vulgar fool. We had met—an amusing vulgarian and educated to a limited understanding of cuisine—but I did not respond to his overtures. To move in the same orbit as a double is to multiply mischances. And now this absurd ball of a man was galloping me over a long road under the misapprehension that I was Dabosc.

The solution was clear. Dabosc was the man of the chicken-broth, Dabosc was the man whose health inspired the liveliest concern in the bosoms of Suzanne and my flamboyant friend. Dabosc was the man whose feeble call I had heard. Dabosc was to be married! And I, Bertran, the nineteenth Marquis d'Albret, with possessions—it is not well to boast, but Dabosc could not vie with me—had been mistaken for Dabosc!

For a moment I contemplated avowal. Then I remembered that I had forsworn one dinner, and that avowal would end in going hungry to the ascetic table of my Aunt. There was a chef at the end of our road. Besides, the journey was a respite, an adventurous respite.

"I am willing to speak of anything, but I warn you that my wits are at the dining-table," I answered.

"Are you not eager to see her?"

"I am always desirous of seeing her," I made reply. In truth, is not twenty-three ever open-eyed for her? In my case she suffered from a multiplicity of doubles—I met them everywhere, but she herself, the divinity was evasive.

He wagged his head appreciatively.

"She is an angel!" he said, as ecstatically as he had praised the entrée.

"I have ever held her to be so."

"But you have never seen her!"

"Never. The birthday of my life is yet to come."

"A pretty phrase, my dear Dabosc. Her portraits are but libels."

"They are absurd masquerades. I regret the time I have squandered over her many doubles."

"Yet there is some virtue in a portrait—you can see the glimmer of reason in it. I knew you by your portrait."

"Ah," I answered. "Yet they are misleading."

"She has never been to Paris. Cloistered in Dipant, she has grown up with the flowers."

"The flowers hang their heads, I'll swear."

"Her father has been conventual in his care of her. Dwindled rents and shorn acres have set a straitness about her life."



Two eyes like those  
of a startled fawn delayed me  
four days at Brimbeaux.



"And her father has not been so monastic for himself as he has been conventual for her."

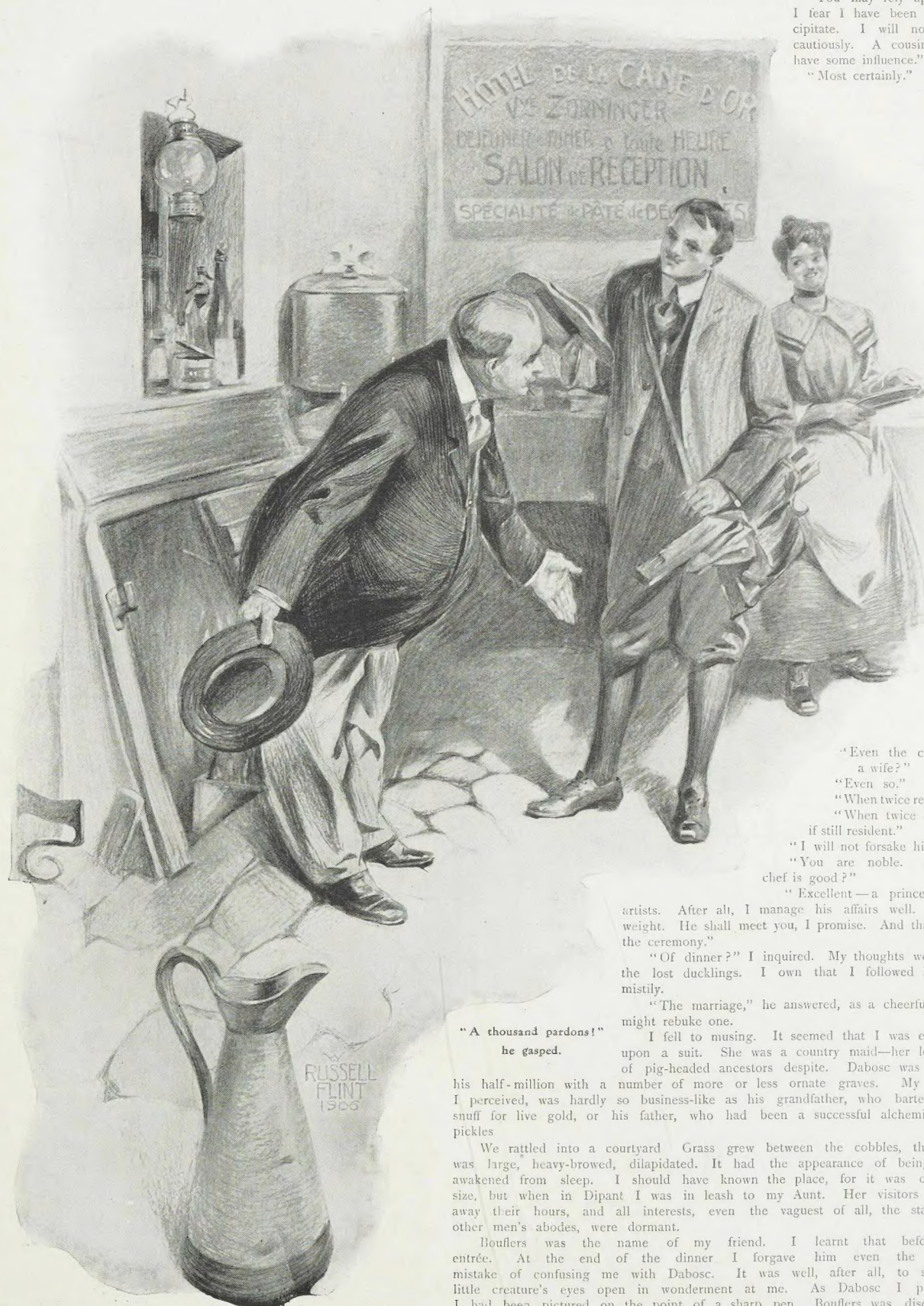
The little round body convulsed. I heard a gurgle.

"You remember our compact? He is pig-headed. He has such a long line of ancestors."

"All equally pig-headed?" I asked.

"You may rely upon me. I fear I have been too precipitate. I will now move cautiously. A cousin should have some influence."

"Most certainly."



"Even the cousin of a wife?"

"Even so."

"When twice removed?"

"When twice removed, if still resident."

"I will not forsake him."

"You are noble. And his chef is good?"

"Excellent—a prince among artists. After all, I manage his affairs well. I have weight. He shall meet you, I promise. And that before the ceremony."

"Of dinner?" I inquired. My thoughts were upon the lost ducklings. I own that I followed him but mistily.

"The marriage," he answered, as a cheerful canary might rebuke one.

"A thousand pardons!" he gasped.

his half-million with a number of more or less ornate graves. My double, I perceived, was hardly so business-like as his grandfather, who bartered dry snuff for live gold, or his father, who had been a successful alchemist with pickles

We rattled into a courtyard. Grass grew between the cobbles, the house was large, heavy-browed, dilapidated. It had the appearance of being newly awakened from sleep. I should have known the place, for it was of some size, but when in Dipant I was in leash to my Aunt. Her visitors yawned away their hours, and all interests, even the vaguest of all, the staring at other men's abodes, were dormant.

Boufflers was the name of my friend. I learnt that before the entrée. At the end of the dinner I forgave him even the absurd mistake of confusing me with Dabosc. It was well, after all, to see the little creature's eyes open in wonderment at me. As Dabosc I perceived I had been pictured on the point of a sharp pen. Boufflers was discovering the picture to be out of drawing. The situation had the piquancy of a comedy.

Boufflers alone shared the dinner with me. I was too hungry to comment on this, so hungry indeed that I earned the envy of my good

"Nice, Monte Carlo, and the Adriatic!"

"At least he chose his monasteries with discretion. I shall see him?" My friend became ill at ease.



friend. We dined in a small room. Wax candles, a sufficiency of silver, a soft-footed servant, some pictures of value on the walls, some ominous gaps.

With liqueurs and coffee—Sèvres, delicate, fragile, fit for the touch of beauty's lips—I lit a cigar unceremoniously. Boufflers waved a plump hand at me. The hand radiated perfume.

"My dear Bertran," he expostulated, "you forget. She——"

I laid down my cigar and stared at him frankly. Who remembers after a perfect dinner anything but its subtle harmonies?

"She?" I echoed. "But in this attire, my good Boufflers?"

"I have whisked you away with no ceremony," he smiled. "She will not mind—she will pardon you that."

I thought there was a stress of irony on the last word. The Cognac was mellow. I began to be piqued by this adventure. Now was the time for full avowal, and yet I dallied.

"She is gracious," was all I said.

"To-morrow we will speak of papers."

"With all my heart," I answered aloud. Between my teeth I said, "The devil take the papers!"

He beamed, a rosy smile parted his lips, his round body inclined towards me like a big, confidential balloon.

"A notary comes to-morrow. The Vicomte will also be there."

"The pig-headed son of the long line of ancestors?" I asked.

"Of course," he said. His semicircles of eyebrows jolted heavenward in surprise.

"Of course," I repeated hastily. "Forgive me; digestion is no spur to wit. The Vicomte would naturally come with the papers."

I winked at a candle. The comedy was clearing. Some country miss was to be sold to Dabosc, and papa the Vicomte would be present at the sale ceremony. Papers were ominous. Souse would go the whole estate far, far below a vast, opulent sea of mortgages, and the descendants of Dabosc would possess an honoured name as grandmother. The affair was growing stuffy. I revolved the sentences of avowal.

"She," said Boufflers, folding his fat hands before him upon the table, "she is the daughter of the Vicomte——"

"My dear Boufflers," I said, "I never doubted——"

"You misunderstand me!" he cried hastily. "No breath of scandal tarnished the name of my cousin——"

"Twice removed," I added gravely. "Exactly."

"I thank you," he said. "I mean that she—she is proud of her family."

"Why not?" I asked. So Miss had a temper. I liked her for that—well, perhaps "liked" is too strong a word for a man who was wrestling with yawns.

"And you——" He looked as embarrassed as a cheerful plump partridge could look.

"Ah!" I said. We both coughed and looked away. It was a moment of exquisitely sympathetic silence. Then from above rang a clear, petulant voice. It had all the charm of a silver bell, it lingered upon the ear deliciously, it thrilled me; it sent all thoughts and memories of dinner tumbling out of my brain; it awakened the old dreams of the evasive "she."

"She has entered the drawing-room," Boufflers said prosaically. He is a dullard. I would not give him post as fool to such a queen. Then I remembered suddenly that I was Dabosc, and she—— I would be Dabosc!

"Perhaps——" I said, and shifted my chair invitingly.

"You anticipate me." He rose and swam towards me. There is no other word for it. His progress was that of a plump duck through a pond. Then pinching me affectionately above the elbow, he led me to the door. For a moment he paused, one plump hand upon the handle, the other playing the part of a padded pair of pincers. He tilted his head up at mine. I know there was a sparkle in my eyes. Dabosc would not sparkle. It is as hard for a man of some parts—I tell you my heart was always full of blood and my pulse variable—to play a clown as it must be for the dull clay of an indifferent actor to strut a hero.

"My dear Bertran," he said, not unkindly, "she is adorable, but she is not to be adored. Am I too precipitate? I thought you understood. This is—I would have you remember—the gloze should not be laid on too thick—that is, you are a man of business!"

The dear creature was uncomfortable. I add my assertion that the man had a heart as well as a liver. Beyond this I had stirred him to a kindly interest. May all good wives have cousins twice removed and resident. I clapped him on the back, and he shook. I laughed. The adventure had me by the nose.

"My good Boufflers, there is no man of business like me. I understand. And she is to be adored. Her voice is like the whisper of a silver god. Mark you, this Dabosc is other than you think."

He stared at me and sighed. I think he thought me mad. If he did not he betrayed a dullness of apprehension. We climbed the stairway. There had been royal carpets on it once, it was—ah, well, France was no longer royal. At a big door he stood in trepidation.

"My good Boufflers," I said, "there is no such good thing as a cigar after dinner. Let me not detain you."

The pincers relaxed in dismay. But I watched for and saw a look of relief film his eyes. Miss had a shocking bad temper! Who tamed her to the consideration of a Dabosc?

"She is alone," he expostulated. "It was a condition that I should be present."

"Then call a man, for I am journeying back."

He cried out in alarm at that. But he was malleable. He went downstairs again. I do him the justice to say he went with some reluctance.

Then I entered the room.

It was not awake. The big drawing-room drowsed as an empty cathedral drowns. At the far end, where a fire sparkled, a few tall wax candles made a shrine for Miss. Fool that I was, I had not extracted her name! But then—she was she.

I stood at the door the length of a heart-beat. The quiet illumination of the candles, the sparkle of fire, the quick turn of Miss standing, slipper on brass rod, these paled before the one astounding fact. I had found the eyes of Brimbeaux, the startled fawn's eyes for which I had searched four days—four long days of impossible feeding!

For the rest she was slender, not tall, robed in white with a hint of the days of Louis Seize—I, the pseudo Dabosc, felt the rebuke, the glance at the hundred ancestors mutely forbidding—brown-bronze hair, a mouth that could be kind cruelly masquerading in ruled haughtiness, a little hand, a small foot, a face that a queen might have deplored and an angel envied. But her eyes—they spoke a

thousand words, and held all the eloquence of the world, they steeled and glittered at me, and yet I knew their tenderness. Oh, the challenge and mystery of brown!

And I—Dabosc might have felt as I did, I felt an unutterable Dabosc, which was acute misery. I had walked out of a highway into a Court, and was alone with my robed Queen. I flashed an envy of comfortable Boufflers away from the presence. I said to myself—"In truth Miss has a temper." The words comforted by their humanness.

She had no touch of timidity—if a lackey had made her the subject of a price he was still a lackey. I loved her for that. I bowed and moved forward.

"I believe," she said, "there was to be a witness?"

"There was," I answered.

"He is not here."

"He is not, Mademoiselle."

"I will summon him! Surely—I know little of trading—it is customary to have witnesses?"

"When the good faith of either party is in question."

She bit her lip.

"What have you to say?" she demanded.

"What can a Dabosc say to you, Mademoiselle?"

She looked at me. It was the first time since those glorious eyes swept imperiously over me. It was something to have made her look.

"You are diffident!"



"I forsake the ducklings."



"Even a clown goes bareheaded in church. Is it surprising that I——?" I bowed. She bent her head and tapped her white hand with a fan.

"You have arranged a business with Boufflers," she said.

"It is yet unconfirmed."

"You are incomprehensible." She sat upon a high-backed chair. Her brow puckered. In truth, I saw she was hard driven.



I had found the eyes of Brimbeaux.

"Of my name, of my rank. It is a pure bargain—and it is nothing else." She spoke haughtily. I had touched her to a cold anger. I was playing traitor to Dabosc. And yet I wondered and wondered how Dabosc would have played his part.

"Nothing else?" I echoed.

"Absolutely nothing else."

I was silent for a while. It was absurd this adventure, and yet how delightful! Candle light and queen radiant, and I in walking-dress incongruous. Curiously, I forgot the incongruity. Now and then I caught sight of obtrusive tweeds and shivered, but the adventure was too intense. Clothes matter nothing when the comedy grips.

"Mademoiselle, may I speak?" I asked humbly.

"Is there a need of it?" she demanded.

"May I speak?"

"I am meshed," she said ungraciously.

"A sculptor put all his dreams into marble. They were beautiful dreams. His fellows came and admired. Men of rank said the work was beautiful. And a poor man came and said, 'She is beautiful, she is so beautiful that she hurts. She is the dream I could not dream; she is the thought I could not think. She lives; she is real; she is not marble, for she is.' Mademoiselle, the others appreciated, but the poor man worshipped."

She stole a glance at me. This Dabosc was not the Dabosc impaled on a sharp pen-point.

"I do not understand you, Sir," she said, but her eyes belied her.

"The bargain is not confirmed."

"It will be," she answered.

"By you—there is another." She stared at me in frank amazement, caught by bewilderment and half-piqued.

"You speak of yourself?"

"I speak of Dabosc."

"You repudiate?" She played with her fan. Then she stretched a resolute hand to a bell-rope.

"What would you?" I demanded. I adored her for her quick, quiet anger.

"It can be easy to set you back in your inn to-night. After that, Sir, I hope to forget that I fell so low as to play shuttlecock to you!"

"I pray you listen," I implored.

"My appetite for insult is sated," she answered, but her white hand stayed.

"There is no insult, Mademoiselle. We Dabosc are clowns, rough clay, what you will, but—we have reverence. Mademoiselle, you are

incensed against me for a bargain which was drawn up, not by the clown, but by—I spare you. If we accept are we to be chidden? For, by your own rules, by the very anger that chills you now, these others should know of what you deny us knowledge. We are boorish, so how can we do better than place ourselves unrestrictedly in the hands of your family? You make your bargain despising me. For the matter of that I despise myself—if I ever consented to such terms."

She was all ablaze in new lights, new thoughts, new angers, and, oh delight! they were not ice-chilled, but warm! And, above all, wonder, a wonder that dropped her hand into her lap.

"If you ever consented?" she echoed.

"I was misled." There was a truth in that—a lone, lean Aunt might testify abundantly.

"Misled!" Hot colour burned her cheeks, her eyes danced in the candle-light. She rose—imperiously. "This is intolerable! I have been made the sport of others—we seem both to have been in the dark while others juggled with us! This is an end."

"Mademoiselle, this is a beginning."

"A beginning?"

"Believe me, I am no party to the trick. Let this be a beginning. Think no more of Dabosc—who, we will say, does not exist—but think on me. Ah, no; not that way—a little kindly, I beseech you. There was a traveller in Brimbeaux a week ago. He saw two eyes. Mademoiselle, as I speak now and breathe before you, and know only that—that I have words I dare not say—I swear to you that he has held those two eyes enshrined always—always—for seven days."

"I was in Brimbeaux seven days ago," she said softly.

"I see those two glorious, entrancing eyes again. I have made of my life an empty passing of time. I did not deserve—but even the poor shades passing to Purgatory look through the gates of Paradise."

"You were at Brimbeaux seven days ago?" she inquired.

"I was—have I not remembered?"

"But you were lying ill at the inn, sick of a—of a—oh, it is ridiculous!—of a swollen face."

The absurd Dabosc! In their illnesses these fellows betray themselves!

"Indeed I worshipped at Brimbeaux."

"But the inn, the surgeon, the daily respites?" She regarded this swollen face as Heaven-sent. Poor Dabosc!

"I have implored you to say that Dabosc does not exist."

"Does not—oh!" The sudden illumination set her cheeks flaming. A swift anger shot from her eyes. "You are not Monsieur Dabosc?"



I lit a cigar unceremoniously.

"I am not," I said humbly, "Monsieur Dabosc."

There was a silence. Blunderers would have broken it. There is often healing in silence. After a moment I ventured a glance at her. There might have been a smile in my eyes. One crept into hers; her lips twitched, she bit them, and turned her head from the candle-light.

"Mademoiselle," I said deprecatingly, "I was a starving man. The good Boufflers—surely the most ridiculous angel that ever led a mortal to Paradise!—insisted upon dragging me from two ducklings—princes, no



less, and browning exquisitely—dangling before my nose the temptation of a Parisian chef. I thought he was an ambassador from—no matter where, but on my honour, no Paradise. Half-way here the bubble was pricked. I knew that I had been mistaken for Dabosc. He owed me reparation for that. And I was starving. So I came.

"You have been fed." She dared not look at me, and her voice was muffled with silk. "You at least starve no longer."

"Mademoiselle, I fear I am in greater danger than ever," I answered. Her head bent lower.

"I await an expression of regret," she murmured.

"There are limits. I regret—that I cannot regret."

"It is absurd! You may not even know my name."

I was silent. That ignorance was unpardonable. One may forgive a blow, a wound to a petted honour, but an ignorance of one's name—never.

"You do not!" she said. Pique, a touch of anger, gave colour to her voice, and tore away the silk muffling.

"It should have been Helen," I answered.

"It is not," she answered quickly.

"If it were not what it is," I continued. I floundered. I looked away for inspiration. It stood on a small table clothed in silver. It was a photograph of my good friend Boufflers. In eloquent, round, fat characters it whispered, "To Gabrielle."

"And that is?" she demanded, as one demands lost property—to put the undowered at fault.

"Helen," I murmured.

Like a flash she turned to me.

"This is absurd! You know me, and I ah, Sir, the good Boufflers is indeed your guardian angel!" She looked at the photograph significantly. "You are a master of trickery. Who are you?"

"One who has robbed Dabosc and is unrepentant, and would continue to rob. Mademoiselle Gabrielle, I have told you the story of the brown eyes. That was true. I am a poor collector, harmless I hope, and I covet beautiful things."

"Have you no pity for Dabosc?"

No, on my honour, no! He has been offered a treasure, and he has contracted a swollen face! Consider, Mademoiselle, the bathos of it. A gentleman would not do such a thing."

"But who are you?"

"A thief—an unrepentant thief."

"The filcher of a dinner."

"And the robber of—treasure. Mademoiselle, I love you."

"Sir, you are mad!" But was there ever sweeter madness for any woman's ears? A woman on the brink of a grave would pause to hear such madness babbled out.

"Mademoiselle, blame not me—blame the memory of two brown eyes and the absurdity of Dabosc's swollen face. Madness it may be, but, ah, Mademoiselle Gabrielle, it is no such madness that I should vastly regret sanity."

"I should call Boufflers."

"You will not be so cruel."

"I will call Boufflers."

"Then I swear I post off for Dabosc, and bring him here willy-nilly with swollen face to plead my cause."

"He is your friend?" There was a blessed surprise in her voice.

"On the contrary, Mademoiselle."

"Your enemy?" Satisfaction sat in her tones.

"He has not yet achieved that distinction. We are indifferent to each other. I allow that he has fed many of my friends handsomely; he regrets that hitherto he has not been able to benefit me."

"But how will he plead your cause?"

"By his presence. Ah, Mademoiselle, you are in a pitiful way. You are between the Scylla of Dabosc, swollen face and absence of grandfathers and all, and the Charybdis of one who loves you and is humble in your presence."

"I had not noticed it, Sir."

"You look too frequently away. I grant you an unworthy Charybdis, for there be none fit to hold this great treasure. But as an alternative—graceless word, but my sole hope—will you think?"

"You have known me a bare half-hour!"

"Pardon me, Mademoiselle, I have known you all my life. The glamour of the starred net of night has taught me of you, the south wind has sung me songs of your beauty, I have waited for you for years."

"You have never seen me before."

"Once at Brimbeaux. Four days and nights in an impudently named inn should render your heart tender."

"Never otherwise?"

"Never, save by inadequate and graceless deputy."

She laughed. "You have wandered!" she cried.

"I have been diligent in my search. Consider," I continued, "the alternative. Your choice must alight on me if you would not have Dabosc thrust upon you. I am no laggard—I lie not in bed to hide a swollen face. I pray you give very grave consideration to the alternative."

"I fear I could not consider you gravely." She laughed at me.

"Then merrily. Shall I post for Dabosc?" I saw her shrink—a young girl shrinking from a life's sacrifice. I loved her well. My tones were graver. "Mademoiselle, you shrink. At least consider. 'I love you. I want no ready-made stock of ancestors, I do not barter. I want you because my heart is lonely without you. I desire you because I have waited for you as a leaf born in the night waits for the rising of the sun.' I caught her hand and kissed it. Then I drew back."

She looked questioning at her hand, and dallied with her thoughts. I confess my heart beat intolerably.

"Monsieur le Comte—my father—" she said.

"There will be no difficulty there," I smiled. It was apparent that it was not Dabosc the Comte required.

"I know you but little," she objected.

"But that little is more than your knowledge of Dabosc, and it is a matter easy to mend. 'Tis a way out. Let me see your father and gain a seven days' truce. Then you shall give me your decision."

"A truce—or a siege."

She smiled.

"Both—a truce to Dabosc—and—happiness to me."

"Truces are acts of mercy. Mercy is a quality of my sex." She flashed a look at me. In her brown eyes I discovered a heaven of security.

"You consent?" I cried.

"I consent—Monsieur Charybdis. Have you another name?"

"Bertran de Rind-el, whom some style Marquis d'Albret."

"The nephew of—"

"Exactly," I answered.

"But her relationship is accidental. I am considerably informed that my regretted uncle even was unable to help it. She insisted, and he—we men are really weak. Visit not the sins of the aunt upon the nephew. Now for your father—Ah, pardon me, his name?"

"The Comte de Gonville."

"We are acquainted," I said gravely. I had met him once.

He had lost heavily at Monte. He was a forgetful man. I make allowances for these distressing lapses.

At the foot of the stairs I came upon Boufflers.

"My inestimable friend, I must see the Comte."

"My dear Dabosc," he expostulated, "he will have nothing to do with you—except in the presence of the notary."

"He won't see Dabosc—there he is right. But he will see me, I venture to think. My dear Boufflers, you have made a delightful blunder. I am not Dabosc. I am Bertran de Rind-el."

"The Marquis d'Albret?"

"Exactly. And Dabosc's deputy. My excellent friend, what degree of relationship, and how far removed, will exist between us?"

THE END.



"The glamour of the starred net of night,"



"EMBARRAS DE RICHESSE."

DRAWN BY G. BLAKENEY WARD.



HIS LORDSHIP CHOOSES HIS MOTOR-CAR.



## AN ALARMING DISAPPEARANCE.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.



"Come guard this night the Christmas-pie,  
That the thief, though ne'er so sly,  
With his flesh-hooks, don't come nigh  
To catch it

"From him, who alone sits there,  
Having his eyes still in his ear,  
And a deal of nightly fear,

To watch it."—HERRICK



# AN UNWORTHY GUARDIAN OF THE TURKEY.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



A NARROW SHAVE FOR THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.



"THE MISTLETOE HUNG IN THE CASTLE HALL."

DRAWN BY E. S. KLEMPNER.



BAITING THE HOOK





# A VISIT TO THE ENCHANTRESS

BY  
MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER

BOB HOUSTON stood in the street—a very Mecca of fashion—and stared about him. He had just emerged from his tailor's and had no particular plans for the morning. This street had always amused him. Now that he had been out of his own country for so many years it amused him even more than formerly, when he prided himself upon his fashionable knowledge, and took his place in the social race for enjoyment, sensation, and decent notoriety. But the amusement, like his figure, in the eyes of the tailor, had changed. It was, like his figure, more robust. And quite half of it consisted in his asking himself why such and such things, which now appeared so absurdly insignificant, should in old days have excited his supreme interest. There was Barstock's now—the premises of the art connoisseur in whose sale-rooms all sorts of exquisite things from overseas came under the hammer, and where the most notorious and shady person in a great city joggled elbows with the most renowned and honoured. That crowd at Barstock's was a world-famed crowd. Not a few international scandals could be told about it, and as for social farces and tragedies, many an item in the sale-lists and many a face among the bidders bore witness to those. The entrance to Barstock's was exactly opposite the tailor's. This was a safe day. There was the same crowd—or very much the same, as Bob Houston had seen it fifteen years ago, before he went to make money abroad in a desert-place where there is neither art nor connoisseur, neither good taste nor bad—a place where a long drink, a soft bed, and a full stomach are the aim and end of every day. How absurd it seemed this Barstock place! And how the types of men and women who came and went to it seemed to have dwindled to a kind of banal grotesqueness, wearing a spurious conventionality which, in old days they never seemed to wear! To the right of Barstock's was a famous provision-monger, an Italian, the only man in the great city who, in Bob Houston's opinion, knew how to make sausages—the tiny ones, short and savoury, such as those which are supplied to palaces. And beyond was a certain great photographer, where Bob was a frequent visitor. How many hours had he not wasted in that studio—in fancy dress, in Court dress, in polo costume, in hunting dress!

And yet the street was amusing still. The traffic was just as ridiculously blocked, there were the same humours of roadway and pavement, the same fire of repartee was kept up between the drivers and the errand-boys or cyclists, the same deadly rivalry between motor-men and carriage-men. And the stream of pretty women went on as before, languorous, fragile creatures, in ones and two and threes, attended by their maid or escorted by dowagers, male relatives, friends. They were to some extent a new type—superficially. But the substratum of convention remained the same. Superficially each dazzling, dainty, aristocratic creature had her idiosyncrasies, her apparent characteristics. She was, taken separately and at the outset, a human being, a personality. There was—she mused—certainly more personality about these girls than about the ones, say, a decade ago. There was more decision in their faces, an impression that they were holder to grasp life and use it, not sit till their mothers brought a slice of it to their feet in the shape of a husband, for better or for worse. These girls

had the power of choice. The mothers had abdicated. But—and his accustomed habit of cynicism overpowered all previous impressions—this was a mere pretence. They might to some extent choose the man they would marry, but all the rest of life had been chosen for them from their birth. They would act after marriage as before it—in the manner of the herd to which they belonged. They would act as they moved—in herds. And this because they thought in herds! They would travel through life in a circle like a clock. Some men who wanted all the advantages of a fashionable marriage while yet preserving a bachelor's independence would find in these herd-women perfect wives. They were each the spokes in a great social wheel that must

be kept revolving for the satisfaction of a particular class and the avarice and exploitation of God-knows-what in the way of sports and pastimes, industries, cults—greater and minor—and all kinds of commerce. Now it—

Ah! Who was that? A lady bowed to him. She was one of the beautiful ones, too. The boy with her, evidently from a public school and evidently her brother, whipped off his hat. And now she paused before the next window full of bonbons. And Bob Houston, willy nilly, went up to them, with apology for his stupidity in not recognising her at once. She excused him prettily.

"I was only a schoolgirl when you saw me, you know," she said, "and it is six years ago. Besides, so many things have happened since. Father has come into the title. It is all very interesting."

"Very, I am sure," answered Bob; "and so you are Lady Alicia now?"

"All that," put in the schoolboy, twinkling. "But they've left me plain Bill Lesters, thank goodness! I hate Honoursables and titles stuck on. The chaps laugh at one so disgustingly. Father says I needn't use it unless I like, except for documents and rubbish of that sort. But I shan't sign any—I'm going to sea some day. I hate anything else."

"Will you come to a polo match in our party to-day, Mr. Houston?" asked the girl. Her manner was full of social patronage.

"Oh, thank you..." Bob hesitated. Ten years ago the mother of the girl would have given the invitation.

"Don't be shot standing," said the schoolboy. "There are plenty of matches going. Alicia is sick of them, she says."

"Then why do you go?" Bob asked the girl.

"Bill is absurd. I'm not sick of them. One gets a little tired sometimes. But one must do these things, especially when one has come up to town for them. What's the good of being in town if you don't join in what is going on?"

"I suppose that is true," said Houston.

"Will you come?"

"If you wish it," said Bob.

"That is why I asked you," answered Lady Alicia. Quite suddenly she blushed, bowed hurriedly, and moved on.

The schoolboy plucked her by the sleeve and she turned.

"How stupid of me!" she said laughing. "I never told you where to meet us. It's the 'Woodland Club'—that new place. Any cabman knows it. We shall be down there by four, and you will find us by the big Italian fountain where the large Jap umbrellas are planted. It is the best place for seeing, and so deliciously cool. It will be all right about the ticket. Papa's on the committee, and will hand in a voucher for you and leave your name at the gate. Au revoir."

Once more her languorous manner had returned. She was the aristocratic, conventional damsel who travels along the same groove as others. Bob Houston understood it all perfectly. She had blushed because, for a single instant, she had gone back upon her training and forgotten to be

He did not flatter himself that the blush had any reference to himself; it was merely ordinary shyness at his direct question. But she had







Egotism, Vanity, Greed, and Cowardice. And everywhere, everywhere the story of holy love triumphed. "Success" was represented as the figure of Simplicity, a crowned queen with all the great gifts of life at her feet—love and marriage, motherhood and fatherhood, high friendship, truth, innocent joy, labour well crowned, holy rest, courage in the face of death.

Again and again he went through the list of pictures, enamoured of their marvellous colour, their atmosphere, the intensity of their appeal. He went through them as a man under a spell. Here it was at last—the thing for which he sought in the faces of the modern men, in the movements of the everyday world, in its arts and industries—enchantment!

Presently he ticked off half-a-dozen of the titles in the list and conferred with the curator of the gallery. The man, delighted at the prospect of such a brisk sale, prepared himself for suave bargaining. The buyer showed no desire to pay anything but the listed price, and produced a cheque-book. The business side of it all obviously bored him. The curator was emboldened to mention some loose sketches by the same artist. Bob Houston, still under the spell, looked at them. A couple struck him as particularly attractive. Tastelessly framed, they would make a good wedding-present for someone. He bought these also, and then he turned to ask the curator's advice as to a framer. The man suggested reference to Miss Burnham. A special framer worked for her, and would design the right thing. The address of the man was only known to her.

Ha! that was an idea—quite an idea!

Bob thought it out on the way home as he looked at the address the gallery people had given him. It would be a first-rate excuse for a visit to the artist herself. He could take the sketches to her. By that time she would know of his acquisition of her pictures, and that would incline her to graciousness. If she were shy it would break the ice a little, and give him the advantage from the beginning. He was dying to meet this woman



He passed on to the next picture.

with the superb colour-sense, the poetic impulse, the intense humanity. He tried to imagine her—a radiant personality, a woman hungry for love and all the blessings of love. Edmund Greenhaugh had mentioned that she battled for her living. What a tragedy might be here in this young, beautiful woman, hungry for life and love and motherhood, who poured into paint and canvas her passionate daydreams!

Bob Houston indited a very careful letter, asking for an appointment on the following afternoon, dispatched it by hand, and found himself with barely time enough to lunch and dress for the polo match.

It was a superb afternoon, and he was less bored than he thought because the spell of the morning lay yet upon him. He looked at the men and women around him through the enchanted spectacles of the morning. Sometimes he could almost forget they were vulgar moderns, ogling one another, envying one another, pursuing first this butterfly object and then that. Sometimes they almost wore a large epic significance, and sometimes seemed only symbols, dreams which flitted past. And then—quite suddenly their antics would break the spell, and he would swear to himself that they were no things of flesh and blood, but only puppets of muslin and silk, of tweed and cloth. Beauty and handsomeness enough they had and to spare, these muslin and silk and tweed puppets. Nowhere could more beautiful women be seen, ripe, coquettish, audacious—nay, almost provocative—always seen through that predominant veil of convention which attracted and tantalised a man. Would

these people ever understand the poignant message which Life and Nature had to give them? Alicia Lesters reminded him again and again—her mere features—of the queenly people in "Allegories in Colour." Out of that flowered flimsy French muslin and blue ribbons, and with real roses in hair—which should hang to her waist instead of being artificially waved and all its glory buried underneath a great roof of straw and



"Do you believe in enchantment?" he asked.



counterfeit flowers—Alicia would be a living, breathing, thinking woman. She was not alive now, she was merely walking in her sleep. She breathed, it is true, but only drank in life in little feeble draughts. This—the polo-ground, the pink and white ices, the thin shoes, the lace frills, the tight gloves, the compliments, the trimmed greensward with its conventional flower-beds—this, to Lady Alicia, was life. It would always be her life. Apart from it she and her sisters and the other women there, young and old, would shrivel. Their very souls would turn to dust if they were denied it, and their world become a vast horrible hollow! It would be good to bring them face to face with a girl like Gladys Burnham—to shame them, experiment on them. It might be cruel perhaps. But that kind of cruelty was better than the blindness in which they were suffered to continue. The day must come when these women would turn and curse the world and the men and women who fostered the lies about happiness and love. They were being sacrificed willingly because they knew nothing better. Once, when sickened of keeping up a trivial conversation, he blurted out his secret thought suddenly to Alicia.

"Do you believe in enchantment?" he asked.

"It's all enchanting, isn't it?" she assented, with a little laugh and blush, assuming that he paid her invitation the supreme compliment it deserved. What other significance could his words have?

"It is all very charming," was his slow answer, "but I was using the word enchantment in a rather peculiar sense. I applied it to life in general. You know one can't be enchanted always. Some poor beggars don't ever get near it. They accept life and its facts and go through with them. Those who fall from the worldly point of view give up all hope of it—of that intense joy in life, that intoxication which comes when the one thing the heart desires is gained. But even under failure the heart can find enchantment in life. Of the successful ones many are content with success. But others know that the success cannot bring enchantment. Very often it is the reverse. And yet the enchantment is there somewhere. It has to be sought."

"Yes," answered Lady Alicia, doubtful of his meaning; "I suppose one has to be rather extra sentimental if one disdains success though. I don't think that when one has got what one wants it is any good hunting about for a thing vaguely."

She turned her attention to the polo once more, and nodded to yet a new friend, a young officer. Dexterously and with naïveté she began to play him off against Bob. Presently he was aroused and made a stand. In a little while the new-comer retired. Bob Houston felt ridiculously pleased with himself, and in some inexplicable way had the impression that the girl approved of him. He had risen to the occasion exactly as she desired. As she desired, forsooth! He was a little annoyed with himself for obeying her silken reins at all. But the comedy of the social merry-go-round triumphed. He laughed at himself; the old Adam was not yet subdued in him. But the new Adam would have something to say to it in a few days when he had talked with Gladys Burnham. It was pleasant to think of that answer from her which awaited him in his rooms.

There it lay . . . on his return. The handwriting was gracious, yet bold. He saw invitation in every line. But it was annoying to know that he could not visit her for a fortnight, for she was going out of town to make some landscape and garden studies for a picture.

## II

The fortnight was over at last; such a fortnight as it had been, with social engagements for every hour of the day, a fortnight adorned with all kinds of petty extravagance and luxury, and crammed with faces, faces, faces, ugly and beautiful. And the women's clothes! They were dazzling, yet sickening in their superfluous ornament. They were alluring, and yet their luxury enraged him. What a social kaleidoscope of truth and untruth, of intrigue and naïve obvious purpose, or of rare diplomacy and uncompromising blunder on the part of himself and his neighbours that fortnight contained! Sometimes it seemed to him that Lady Alicia was the one point of anchorage. She favoured him openly, while other men envied him for it so openly that he felt himself in gratitude bound to do her homage. And yet he displayed towards her a certain quizzical aspect which was his safeguard. Had he but known it, it was also his chief attraction in her eyes. She was piqued, and held by it. He had told her of the picture exhibition, raved to her of the artist, mentioned his appointment to meet Miss Burnham.

"I don't like arty women," was her flippant response. Whereat he smiled with superior wisdom.

And now his cab was taking him northwards to where she lived, probably in a little cottage. "6, Hetty's Corner," was the address. He could picture it—a little, low-roofed place, unpretending, but real—standing among other cottages at the corner of a road once in the heart of the country.

The cab stopped. Surely this could not be the place, a dirty thoroughfare with trams and all kinds of traffic, flanked on that side by petty, squalid shops, on this by high tenement buildings built over shops.

Yes; there was the name, "Hetty's Corner," and the name was the only remnant of the old hamlet of which he had read in books about this great city. He climbed flight after flight of stuffy stone stairs, and paused to regain his breath ere he rang at No. 6. How his soul revolted at the thought of this woman of the vivid temperament and the splendid gifts housed in such a rabbit-warren of mean souls! They could not but be mean and common, the people who lived in such a pack, in such a hideous quarter!

Now the door opened. Before him stood a short, stubby woman with hair lustreless and untidy, her sleeves rolled up to the elbow, her hands stained in patches, her dress a species of linsey-woolsey affair, not even

hanging straight from the throat in "arty" style, but divided into a skirt and a bodice, which made the absence of corsets far more painful than in any other garb.

"Not at home," said the woman abruptly. "Not at home except by appointment."

"But she gave me an appointment," argued Bob Houston. "Here is her letter. Please take this card to Miss Burnham and tell her that I can easily come back in an hour or so if she is engaged. I've nothing to do this afternoon."

The woman laughed awkwardly.

"Oh—it's all right if it's you, Mr. Houston. I thought you might be a stray caller who wanted me to paint a likeness in one sitting. Come in."

He followed her into a sitting-room full of uncomfortable, ramshackle furniture. Some of it had been good Italian mediæval stuff. But it was rickety, and was supplemented with cheap bamboo and basket-work articles. The place was littered with things—scraps of drapery, unsorted papers, dirty brushes, stumps of pencil and chalk. There was dust on ledges and books and frames; an iron pot of onions was stewing slowly on the fire. The fireplace was modern—of the shabbiest kind.

"I expected you later," the woman said. She suddenly remembered her sleeves and began to roll them down. "I was getting ready one or two new things I should like you to see."

"Oh—I should like to go into your studio so much," he answered. His own voice sounded very far away. The disappointment had stunned him. The disillusionment was cruel. Perhaps, perhaps in a different dress, with fingers cleansed from paint-stains and hair decently braided, she would be less repellent; even romantic in a new, odd, ascetic sense.

"My studio isn't here. It's nearer town. I share it with another woman, and to-day she wanted it to herself, so I brought some of my work home."

He stumbled out a formal conventional appreciation of her pictures and apologised for "fulsomeness."

"I don't think you are fulsome," she said pleasantly: "you see, I've made a name now. I've slaved for it enough, Heaven knows! But I shall always have to slave. You see, I support my family—or what remains of it. They are all consumptive, and they want such a lot of doctoring and cures and things. I've lived with disease all my life."

"How curious!"

"Is it? I hate disease."

"And so you paint the bright things—all the romance of life, all the strong and beautiful people? How pathetic!"

"The bright things pay, you know," she returned seriously. "You get good notices of them, too, in the papers. People don't like to dwell upon things that aren't gay and glowing. I should like you to look at my Press notices."

She thrust a large album under his nose. "My value is going up by leaps and bounds, you know," she added—and stood opposite with arms akimbo.

"Why not?" he answered cheerfully, for lack of a better remark.

"In a year's time those six subjects you bought will be worth half as much again," she pronounced prophetically.

"Why not?" he said awkwardly again, and added: "I say, won't you tell me what you really want for them? It occurred to me after I had signed the cheque that the gallery people took a big bite out of it before they sent it on to you."

Her face grew keener.

"They're all thieves," she said. "I believe I could have priced everything higher right through, but they're such weak-livered, timid idiots, afraid that I hadn't a big enough public and that higher prices would deter the sale. They don't realise what a name I have now."

"Well—won't you tell me . . . ?"

She coloured. It was an odd, brick-red blush which spread itself over her oatmeal-coloured face. She stroked back her dank, brownish hair before she answered him.

"It's nice of you. You are different from most of my clients. But I can't afford to be unbusinesslike. It was the listed price, and if I take any more the gallery people ought to share. I've an agreement with them."

Her resentful, yet just outlook gave him satisfaction.

"But the two pictures I have here—those have not been exhibited yet," she said quickly. "I can do as I choose about *them*." She sat down with awkward suddenness.

"Why not?" he remarked, repeating himself idiotically. He did not want to buy any more pictures just then, and it depressed him to be treated by this woman as a fly useful to the purposes of a spider. He had succumbed to that rôle financially and socially too often since his return to civilised cities.

"About these unframed sketches I have brought with me," he began desperately: "what frames will you prefer? I should like them to have a setting worthy of them."

She entered with zest into the matter.

"Perhaps you'd lend them for exhibition some day if I wanted," she added.

"Of course."

"They're part of a big sequence, really," she went on eagerly; "the two canvases I've been touching up in the other room are part of it. I'll bring them in."

So he was in for it! She arranged them in the best possible light, discoursed upon them in jerky sentences, like a showman talking to a person of limited intelligence, then suddenly bethought herself of tea, and disappeared to make it.



Left alone, he reviewed the situation with grim humour. Here he was in the lair of the Enchantress, the one woman who, after many years engulfed in that all-absorbing craft known as "getting on," had spoken to the ardent romance in him, the idiotic, quixotic, delicious idealism which lies in every heart—still and beautiful and hidden like a subterranean tarn. The cold winter of this secret lake of fantasy had warmed at another's breath, the hidden waters had welled to the surface, had overflowed it, flooding life, moods, episodes, triviality, every stock and stone of the matter-of-fact existence. Here he had come, hoping to learn wisdom enough to stem that flood, direct it, make life fertile and beautiful through it once for all. He had many questions to ask her, such as: "Do you think that all Love must include sacrifice?" "And if Sacrifice and Love must go together, surely you will agree that idyll is only a thing for the poets, and happiness is never an absolute matter?" And again: "Why do you always tilt at Wealth in your pictures?"

Oh! there were heaps of things he wanted to say. He wanted to get her to talk about herself—this Enchantress. And here she was—in person a weary drudge in linsey-woolsey, ill-favoured, rough-haired. And she wanted him to buy two more of her pictures. She had let him come there for the purpose of securing him as a client. From the very

allegories—love, I mean, and motherhood, and all the romance about youth and so on?"

"You think about the things you'll never have," she replied, with her odd little laugh; but she did not change colour. "When I was at my hungriest as an art-student, and had to do with one meal a day instead of three like other people, I was in the still-life room at the art school, and I always chose to paint studies of food—fruit and fish and things like that. I cheated myself into thinking I had them. And later on, when I had food enough, I was hungry for other things. So I painted them. And after all there was some compensation. I couldn't have the things actually, but painting them brought me more than my own living. And now I'm saving. That's why I live in this little place. In five years I shall move nearer Town, and I shall travel. I shall become a personality like the big men painters. You have to entertain a bit for that. I shall have a large studio and give receptions. I hope you will come and see me then."

He made his adieux and descended the stairs. All of a sudden he heard her steps pattering down after him. He turned with a polite smile of inquiry.

"I—I only forgot to ask you when you give the frame-man your order



"I will have this one, then, if I may."

first she had spoken, not of joy in her art or delight in her dreams, but of prices, commissions, and her market value. Any dignity she had consisted of professional pride; any attraction, in her strange, defiant, bizarre attitude towards life in general.

She re-entered the room carrying the tea. It was shocking tea, and the butter on the bread was rancid. She poured out a cup, but took none herself. She fidgeted and began to rearrange the two sketches in a different light.

"It's my best work," she said impressively: "it's better than anything in this or any other show to which I have sent work."

"That's as it should be," he rejoined. He put down his cup and rose. "I don't know yet which I like best," he went on, "but I think it is this one. Yes, this is the one—the picture of 'Unsuccess.' It is a superb idea to have conceived Unsuccess as a great angel-mother who broods over those who have not accomplished what they hoped."

She softened. "I am glad you see it as I saw it."

"And to have called it 'Unsuccess' instead of 'Failure'—which is such a hopeless word—that was the last touch of inspiration."

"I am so glad," she said again, warmly; "it is such a relief not to have to explain things to one's . . . clients."

"I will have this one, then, if I may," he said, and fumbled for his cheque-book.

"They're a pair," she rapped out quickly.

He bought the pair. While she packed them up he stared at her and remarked suddenly: "When did you think out all the things in your

to be sure and mention my name," she explained. The brick-red colour broke over her cheeks. "It—it makes a difference to me, you see," she added hurriedly, "and the man would charge you just the same in any case." Then she turned abruptly and disappeared up the stair.

"Well? Was she very arty?" asked a light voice.

Bob Houston, seated in the tented balcony of a great house where a season ball was in full swing, turned to his partner.

"Not exactly," he answered, "but she was quite unlike her beautiful pictures."

"Poor dear," rejoined Lady Alicia. There was flippant patronage in her voice.

"She is poor. She drudges for a consumptive family. She has never had any youth. She has never been to a ball or had a decent dress, or anyone to make love to her."

"And so you've been buying her pictures to help her? How nice of you!" In her tone was real friendship and pity. "Sometimes," she said complacently, "that type of woman doesn't want the other things. She has quite different aims."

"Perhaps!" he said drily. He glanced at her sideways. She was so innocent of cruelty, so perfectly unconscious; how could one blame her? Her beauty ensnared him. He yielded to the spell of it. Was this the true Enchantress?

He saw the road laid down for him, and, like the average man, took the line of least resistance.

THE END.



# WALTER WOOD'S SUGGESTION FOR A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



"FOILED BY KING FROST."

"The men at the wheel volunteer for the forlorn hope, and the skipper orders the boat out. Axes and boiling water are fetched; both are necessary, because the tackle is frozen."



H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON'S SUGGESTION FOR A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.



"THRICE ARMED IS HE WHO GETS HIS SHOT IN FIRST."

"There was I, with a dead nag by the wayside, sore of a cracked crown, and outwitted by a stripling with a pretty voice."

[SEE MR. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON'S NOTE ON PAGE 27.]



# MAYNE LINDSAY'S SUGGESTION FOR A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.



"THE BRIDE OF SILENCE."

"The glimmer was meagre enough; but it showed the Crusader all he had won—and lost."

[SEE MAYNE LINDSAY'S NOTE ON PAGE 29.]



FLORA ANNIE STEEL'S SUGGESTION FOR A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



"LIFE! LIFE AT LAST!": A RAJAH'S INHERITANCE.

"On its dead father's throne, playing with the chieftain's heron's plume on its dead father's turban, sat all unconcerned a boy baby of some eighteen months old."

[SEE MRS. STEEL'S NOTE ON PAGE 30.]



# MAX PEMBERTON'S SUGGESTION FOR A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

DRAWN BY A FORESTIER.



"A FOOL CAN KEEP SAFE COUNSEL."

"Monsieur Chicot, the King's Jester, has caught the rose intended for the Count of Blois, and will know very well what to do with it."

[SEE MR. MAX PEMBERTON'S NOTE ON PAGE 30.]



# BERNARD CAPES' SUGGESTION FOR A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

DRAWN BY CYRUS CUNEO



"AN UNFORESEEN DETECTION."

"Hauling the body after him, he stands, half way up the plank, transfixed and gazing upwards. A balloon is just showing itself, drifting pretty low over the lip of the quarry."

[SEE MR. CAPES' NOTE ON PAGE 10.]



# E. F. BENSON'S SUGGESTION FOR A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

DRAWN BY FRED PEGRAM.



"THE END OF THE SONG."

"'But isn't it divine that all that poem should have been here to-night?' . . . 'And you,' he said, 'the last verse of it.'"

[SEE MR. E. F. BENSON'S NOTE ON PAGE 30.]



EGERTON CASTLE'S SUGGESTION FOR A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

DRAWN BY ALEC C. BALL



"TILL DEATH US DO PART."

"I knew, as, indeed, did all present, that the bride was dying fast-dying o' the Plague."

[SEE MR. EGERTON CASTLE'S NOTE ON PAGE 30.]



SEUMAS MACMANUS'S SUGGESTION FOR A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

DRAWN BY GUNNING KING.



"VENGEANCE IS MINE, SAITH THE LORD"—THE PRIEST'S PLEA.

"Father Dominic dashes in—'Yes, I have something to say why *you* should not pass sentence of death upon this man—Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.'"

[SEE MR. MACMANUS'S NOTE ON PAGE 26.]



## Great Novelists' Suggestions

SEE THE SERIES OF PICTURES

## for Stories Without Words

LAID OUT IN THE NUMBER.

### "OLD TUNES SET OLD FEET DANCING."

By R. MURRAY GILCHRIST.

*A letter from Lady Camilla Despard to her promised husband, Sir Humphrey Vanderville.*

"The Peacock Inn, Eytton, in the High Peak,  
"Barnaby Bright, 1755.

"DEAR ONE,—Here we rest for the night, after a not disagreeable journey from Derby. The place is quaint and tolerable, though—so far as I can learn—all the village folk, men and women alike, delve for lead. But 'tis not to describe 'em that I write; instead, I wish to tell you of a whimsey of my revered grandame's, which makes a vastly pretty story.

"Our equipage reached here in the early evening; at the 'lylgate' we heard the sound of piping and singing, and were told that 'twas the village 'Wakes.' Further, just beyond the church, we came upon a little valley that ran from afrent the Hall to the river, where every villager that was not bedridden danced with astounding agility. At the sight, Madam would stop, buntle me out of the carriage, and order the chaplain and our women out of 'tother.

"We passed down to a lawn, smooth and green as the top of any card-table, and there watched for awhile. Madam's two great blackamoors, Pompey and Brutus, stood behind us; the parson and the abigails paused at a respectful distance.

"An odd fellow was fiddling—one who had some vague look of ancient quality. I took him to be twenty years older than Madam, who's eighty come St. Swithin's.

"His eyes—purbli! he seemed—set oddly on my Dowager, who stood resting one hand on her crutch, 'tother on my arm. The dancers stopped soon to gape and whisper amongst themselves, pointing and gesticulating at us, and mopping and mowing at the two negroes, whom I dare swear they took for devils.

"And now comes her Grace's whim. She called the old music-fellow to her side, asked him if he knew 'The Weaving of the Bands,' and when he replied in the queerest trembling voice, she bade him play to her dancing.

"In short, I don't believe that in youth or heyday she had ever danced so wonderfully. And when 'twas finished, the old man broke his stings and turned aside his face.

"'C'est la grâce!' I heard him say—I know not whether as a play upon her quality.

"She offered him her namlincence, which, as the world knows, is that of a queen. The dotard bowed—in a forgotten style—declined very gallantly, and swore that the honour of making music to her dancing was enough to render him immortal. . . "

### FOILED BY KING FROST.

By WALTER WOOD

THE skipper looks at the helpless wreck, then at the seas—seas so vast that the hulk vanishes from his view as the steamboats roll into the hollows. It is touch-and-go with death; yet no dangers can daunt him, for he hears cries for help, faintly, in the roar of wind and water, and it is the law of North Sea brotherhood that these appeals shall not be made in vain. He looks again. Even a trawler's boat can scarcely live in such a welter; but he shouts that he is coming. The men at the wheel volunteer for the forlorn hope, and the skipper orders the boat out. Axes and boiling water are fetched; both are necessary, because the tuckle is frozen.

Twenty minutes pass—an eternity of torture for the helpless wretches on the wreck, yet they can only wait and pray that she will live until the boat tries to reach them.

Ten minutes more—twenty, and twenty still; a long drawn hour of agony for those who wait, and giant's toil for those who seek to save them.

The tackle is clear at last; the valiant crew struggle with the boat and gear on the ice-clad deck; the boat is hurled over the rail and into the swamping sea; the volunteers tumble in as chance affords, and the greatest peril of the Dogger, open-boat work, is encountered, Dogger fashion, when the rowers stand to their work and fight their broad, squat craft towards the sinking vessel. The skipper faces the bows and the mate the stern, the third hand ready to help to make the painter fast and bear a hand when they get alongside.

They fight their way, foot by foot only, from ship to ship. They are almost at the hulk, when a towering, broken sea advances. They hear its roar and feel it overwhelm them. But, by skill and pluck, they keep their boat afloat.

When the wave comes charging down, they see the hulk swerve and shiver; they hear a last despairing, muffled cry, and the louder shout from their own steamboat, "Too late! She's gone!"

They desperately row in their ship.

Death, whose pace is swift on the Dogger, has run the faster now.

### "THRICE ARMED IS HE WHO GETS HIS SHOT IN FIRST."

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

*(Time 1880. Extract from the Memoirs of Richard Ryder, alias Gullflying Dick, sometime Gentleman of the Road.)*

"THOUGH I have been in dire straits time and again, 'twas the only occasion that I can remember to have thought shame of myself. To have been thus bamboozled by a smooth-faced chicken, that looked as if he gaped from his mother's apron with eyes and mouth alike, was to make me no better in my wits than a curvy cut-purse. It happened nigh the Punchbowl on the way to

Portsmouth, and some miles due side of the Seven Thorns. The coach was crawling up the hill, the horses' legs droop with the burthen behind their tails, and the driver comfortable on his box in the sharp December air. Lord I mighty soon had 'em stopped, and a pack of scared fags at the window. There was gold and jewels there and to spare, and, damme, this pink-faced apprentice, or whatever he was. There was a Madam, merry and painted, of a great consequence, I'll warrant; but her face was as sour as swipes as she looked along my Barker. And there was an old gentleman that took snuff in his agitation, and called God to witness he had nought.

"Oli," says I, "I'll make nix something in that case. I have a tender heart for the poor," says I, "I have." And I bade 'em deliver, the which they were reluctant to do, until my young tame cockered lifted his voice.

"'Sn," says he, sweetly, "if you have a tender heart for the poor, I'll vow you have it for poor dumb beasts."

"That is so," said I. "I am merciful to beasts, as the Scripture saith."

"Then," said he, "our leader there is bad of a spavin, and to keep him thus with the press and strain of the coach upon this incline is sheer cruelty. Let us resume our way to the top, and in the meantime, Captain, I will make a collection for you."

"It was fair enough spoken, and I nodded. 'You take like a man,' said I, and slapped up the horses. The coach rolled slowly up, and I beside it on my nag. And sure enough there was my bow-headed bantam going through the company for me, Madam and Signor and the fat merchant and all. He had a bag of kir pictures by this, and a store of precious stones to boot, and he held 'em up at me with an encouraging smile. And then we reached the top of the hill, at which I chew up, expecting the coach to do likewise. But of a sudden he called out something to the coachman loudly, and whipping out a pistol, led drive full at me. The bullet took the nag in the throat, and down she went, I with her. And when I got to my feet, there was the stage lumbering, and rolling and rocking down the hill towards Liphook. I gave her a parting shot, but 'twas out of range, and then came back to me only the echo of my fire, together with a chatter of laughter very maddening to hear. For there was I, with a dead nag by the way, and a sore of a cracked crown, and outwitted by a stripling with a pretty voice. 'Sink me! never did I' . . . (Cries a devunt.)

### THE BRIDE OF SILENCE.

By MAYNE LINDSAY.

WHEN Simon de Chideock, Norman boy-lord of a Wessex manor, was swept eastward by the wave that carried Richard Lionheart at its crest, he bore with him the thought of Elfinda, daughter of that implacable Saxon, Fote of Netherbury. A word of their trains moved jostling under Dorchester gates: a chance hour when the sea fog filled them into friendship on a trackless down; so much, and so little, was Simon's secret refreshment through the Holy War. He drifted home at last, to be met by the news that Fote was dead, his lands engulfed by the Church, and his daughter an inmate of a neighbouring nunnery. De Chideock scattered the welcoming villains and buried out again, his servant at his heels, his he, gupped by foreboding. They dismounted at the postern gate of the convent as evening fell, and burst through it. Candles drew them, staring the disk between cloister and chapel. The glimmer was meagre enough; but it showed the Crusader all he had won—and lost. Elfinda, in the habit of the Order, paused and looked upon him for one piteous moment of mutual clear-seeing and bitter regret, and then her slow steps reveled with her fellow nuns, and left him in the outer darkness—alone.

### "VENGEANCE IS MINE."

By SEUMAS MacMANUS

THE Molly Maguires, an Irish Secret Society of the 'Fifties, hold, in a lone hut in the mountains, a midnight court for trial of a tyrannical land-agent, who made the hearths of the people desolate. The immediate crime for which he is being tried is the deliberate shooting of a boy "on his Keeping," a poor fugitive, who had, at a recent execution, impudently intervened to save a woman from the land-agent's brutality. The hut in which the trial is proceeding, a long, low, thatched one, is dimly lit by torches of resinous bog-tir, borne in the hands of a few of the many gum men who line the walls of the calm. At each side of a table near the upper end of the hut stand two torch-bearers. The president of the court, the mysterious Molly Maguire himself, a little, wiry, grey man, stands behind this table, with his back to a smouldering fire. His secretary sits by the table making notes. Six men, standing to the right of "Molly," and six to the left, form the jury, who, after hearing both sides of the case, and considering the evidence, have brought in a verdict of Guilty. Molly Maguire has solemnly demanded, three times, "Is there anyone here having anything to say why I should not pass sentence of death upon this man?" and at the third asking, while the silence is deep, and the suppressed feeling strong in the breasts of the grimly determined and often-outraged ones who crowd the hut, the door is burst open with a crash, and Father Dominic, a grey-haired old priest, who has madly galloped here through dark and storm, dashes in, his face aflame with righteous indignation, answering in thunderous voice, "Yes, I have got something to say why *you* should not pass sentence of death upon this man! 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay,' saith the Lord!"



## Great Novelists' Suggestions SEE THE SERIES OF PICTURES

## for Stories Without Words EARLIER IN THE NUMBER.

### "LIFE! LIFE AT LAST!": A RAJAH'S INHERITANCE.

By FLORA ANNIE STEEL

FOR three whole days the old fortress had held out bravely. It had defied even the skill of the West, and as the sunset for the third time behind the unconquered pile of the palace, M. Bussy, the French commander, beaten back by the incomparable valiance of the little garrison, felt that he must have time to prepare for a final onslaught. At midnight, therefore, the bugle rang out a trumpet salute; and thereafter from the citadel came silence, brooding profound. No light wavered, no sound disturbed the heavy dark air. It was as if they slept within.

So with no hastening, no hurry, came the dawn, primrose pale, peaceful. The attackers were ready for it, and through its still coolth blazed the bugles for assault. No answer came from within.

"Charge for the gates!" was the Commandant's order. "At all costs they must be forced."

But no force was needed. The great doors were unlocked. A single push, and they opened wide.

God! so what a scene! Along the quiet streets lay men, women and children, recently, discreetly dead, their faces duly covered.

The victorious hurrah died on the assailants' lips. What had they won? A city of the dead! Silently, in solemn order, they marched through their foes, Bussy at their head, morose, frowning.

No sign of life anywhere. Would there be any in the Palace? None!

In the courtyard, even with his sword in his hand, his dead face appealing to high heaven. Beyond in the corridors, all curiously ordered, disciplined, reserved, lay servants, groups of the chamber, court officials. And here in semi-darkness, behind lattice windows, lay dolorous groups of women, showing interlaced arms and faces hidden from the needful death.

They must be passed quickly, and be forgotten. So through winding passages, each turn bringing fresh frown to Bussy's face as it disclosed more of those patient appealing dead, they came upon the audience-chamber.

Life! Life at last! For on its dead father's throne, playing with the chieftain's heron's plume on its dead father's turban, sat all unconcerned, a boy baby of some eighteen months old.

Uncoloured, for the hand which had placed the child there still lay beside it on the cushions.

But it held a sword-hilt, and the point of the sword was in the dead father's breast as he lay, mutely appealing for justice.

And not in vain. The name of Bumbelo still stands upon the list of chieftains.

### "A FOOL CAN KEEP SAFE COUNSEL"

By MAX PEMBERTON

MONSIEUR CHICOT, the King's Jester, has caught the rose intended for the Count of Blois, and will know very well what to do with it. Let Mademoiselle, the King's cousin, have no fears, Monsieur Chicot will not betray. A lagging lover may be every whit as worthy—and his punishment must be swift. Here in this old garden of the Château lies the lyre of Buto, been heard this many days; but a hushed lyre sometimes, for my Lord Cardinal will have none of the match, and the King's will is not my lady's. So comes the Count very early in the morning, like the wise men of old; and for him the rose lies dreaming near my lady's heart. Twere fortune indeed that this merry jester should play eavesdropper, for will not he lie as shrewdly to King as to Cardinal, be kind to the fivers, hard upon the laggard, and very wishful for my lady's happiness. Let the Count tell a tale of horsemen upon the road and a trouble at the ford. Let him be content to say—

"Endless torments dwell about thee;

Yet who would live and live without thee?"

### AN UNFORESEEN DETECTION.

By BERNARD CAPES.

A LONELY chalk-quarry, with lime-kilns sluggishly smoking. To the top of one of the ovens a murderer, a showy, vicious-looking scamp, has leaned a stout plank (others, under an open shed, should be in evidence) preparatory to dragging up it the body of his just-murdered victim—a young woman of the well-to-do classes—which he purposes to pitch over, through the upper opening, into the burning lime. Hauling the body after him, he stands, half-way up the plank, transfixed and gazing upwards. A balloon is just showing itself, drifting pretty low over the lip of the quarry. Two figures lean out of the car regarding him. One has binoculars. On the ground at the foot of the plank are the murdered girl's watch, purse, trinkets, etc.

### THE END OF THE SONG.

*Now sleeps the crimson petal.* LESKIVSON.

By E. F. BENSON.

THE lawn lay dark and dewy in the hour after mid-summer sunset, the song of birds was hushed in the bushes, and the rows of cypresses standing sentinel-like at intervals down the walk were so still in this breezeless air that no tremor disturbed the clear, sharp-cut edge of their leaves against the hucles velvet of the sky, whence more thickly every moment the unmingled gold of the stars rained softly down on to the cool, sleeping earth. Down the other side of the walk lay a broad herbaceous bed tall with spires of crimson blossom that still smouldered, like colour asleep, in the faint starlight, and white Madonna lilies that seemed luminous in the dusk. Behind, on the top of the red-brick wall set with balls of stone, roosted two or three white peacocks, with drooping tails and heads smothered in the soft down feathers below their wings. Among the flowers of the border there danced the swift companies of hordies, spurts and jets of sudden light, and like some celestial archtype of them a meteor slid silently across the starry curtain of the sky. Behind it there lingered the faint, pale light of its passage.

The girl had passed down the walk to the far end of it, where was a fountain of red porphyry, in the basin of which goldfish hung motionless among the leaves of the water-plants, and just beyond lay the shining lake, with its shoals of glimmering water-lilies closed and sleeping. And it was with a sudden pang of delight that she remembered the beautiful lines they had read together that afternoon, for, as by some miracle and magic, they were reproduced here, all of them. And at this moment across the lawn there came the step for which she waited.

They sat long together, talking with the hushed voices that best suit the stillness of the night, and the moon that rose late found them still sitting there. At length she rose. "It is late," she said, "and we must go in. Oh, Jack, to think that our month is over and that we have to go back into the world—in to-morrow! But isn't it divine that all that poem should have been here to-night—crimson and white petal, and meteor and peacock and lily?" They paused once again at the threshold of the house.

"And you," he said, "the last verse of it."

### "...TILL DEATH US DO PART..."

By EGERTON CASTLE.

*It is a better woman than I thought George Esquimaux to his friend, Captain Crockett, abroad.*

"—It is now three weeks and more, and it is clear, therefore, that I have escaped; though some of the others who were there on the day were not so fortunate. The distemper was then only just beginning to be known at our end of the town. My young Lady Lindsey was ailing and weak; but that it should be thus with her, after the tragic persecution of it she had lately undergone, was not to be wondered at—and no one, certes, would then have dared pronounce the dread word 'PLAGUE'—though now 'tis so glib on the tongue if any creature but fails a moment, be it ever so little, in health.

"Free once more you knew the story after that year of slavery to her monster us old lord, her marriage to Sir George was to have taken place within the month. But, on that fatal morning, my Lady was found by her woman lost in an agony of tears and despair, as one who has had the cruellest news.

"Sir George was summoned from his lodging in Great Queen Street, and Mr. Woolcot, the parson, sent for hot foot from St. Clement's, and two of Sir George's friends, of whom I was one—and the scrivener. And it was that if we all loved her, the marriage must take place at once, at once!

"Some thought this was the vapourings of an amorous, ailing woman; sundry opined that past sorrows had unhinged her mind; others, that she feared legal obstacles to the new union she had so long yearned for. Nonetheless, there was no dissuading her; the next hour found us all waiting for the bride in the great drawing-room of Lindsey House.

"She entered upon us, unattended, her bridal dress singularly covered by a wide mantle, her face closely veiled, she walked haltingly, like one half swooning; with a gesture, forbade assistance.

"For the love of Heaven, Mr. Woolcot, proceed with the marriage... proceed... lest it should be too late!

"Those were the only words she pronounced, except those of the marriage service. And methought she was strangely hoarse. As her lover, in dire concern, hastened to her side, she flung out her clasped hands towards him, even as one who would cry out: 'Haste! haste!'

"Now I cannot tell when my suspicion became a certitude; but these two, that were so full of love, had not yet been made one by the last word of the ritual, when I knew, as indeed, did all present, that the bride was dying fast—dying of the Plague! One look of horror, pity, awe, of fear, passed between us. But there was never a stir: save perhaps that each man straightened himself and stood the stiffer as does your soldier when the first bullet sings. We were all gentlemen, and not the worst was the parson. Nay, I for one, have no shame to say I would have had him push the pace on a trifle. He had a mighty dignity about him; yet, hard upon the Amen, without a word of discourse, he made sign to the scrivener, and the book was brought forthwith.

"Then it was that what we all knew in our souls was revealed to our gaze by a sight of horror.

"In order to sign and for ever make her beloved secure master at least of her vast wealth and estates, she had to raise her veil. O my dear friend!—there, in the sunken eyes, blood-red that we had known so clear and blue, in the livid discoloured face once so fair to see, we read the awful truth!

"You know the rest; and how Sir George —"





"I want to ask you a puzzle."

THE cork of a stone ginger-beer bottle burst its wire fastenings and was shot across the tap-room. It struck old Kit Wilkinson on his weather-beaten nose, just as he was raising his mug of ale to drain it. "Drat the woman!" he exclaimed. "Why can't she steer that 'jump' better? She was keepin' it 'ead on to me, an' I might ha' knowed 'at that cork 'ud catch me somewhere near the nose."

"It isn't a bad mark to steer for," observed a man in a corner, as he rose to leave.

Old Kit flushed, then his eyes gleamed malignantly, and he said, "But I was forgettin'. You're a bit of a authority on 'jump,' aren't you, George? Don't go—stop an' tell the gentleman about that 'jump' you got which didn't belong to you."

George Elm paused in the doorway and said, "It's a soft mornin', isn't it, Kit?"

He spoke in a friendly and innocent way, and Kit was thrown off his guard. "It is," he admitted. "Very soft." There was a note of repentance in his voice.

"I want to ask you a puzzle," continued George Elm. "An' it's this. What's the difference between you an' the mornin'? Don't answer till you've got your breath. It'll bide thinkin' over." He then walked out of the doorway, and from the window, which overlooked the harbour, I saw him lumber on towards the head of the pier.

"Soft mornin'," repeated Kit. "It *is* a soft mornin', isn't it?"

The sea was grey, the sky was grey—everything was grey. Grey waves were rolling in and breaking in grey clouds of water over the pier, making a cataract which swished into the harbour. Two steam-trawlers were dodging about in the bay, waiting for the tide to flow enough to enable them to get into harbour for the Sunday. Occasionally they were smothered in grey spray which the strong, mild, south-east wind drove up.

"A soft mornin'—an' I'm like the mornin'," murmured Kit. "An' I'm to hev it thrown in my teeth by a robber like that George Elm!"

He rubbed his nose and was palpably distressed. "Thank you kindly, Sir. I don't mind if I do," he observed in recognition of my sympathy. "At a time like this just a drop o' the real old Jamaica is very soothin'. Here's my best respects, Sir—an' I hope you'll never be insulted as I've been. Yes," he went on, as he fondled the glass, "it was a soft mornin' like this when that George Elm went an' got all that 'jump' into him—only it took him till well-nigh on midnight to shift it. 'Jump,' you must know, is ginger-beer and champagne an' such-like stuff 'at blows the corks out an' blows you up. It isn't what I call a satisfyin' drink—not 'at I ever tasted what you gentlemen call fizz; but I've often seen its workin'.

## THE RAIDED "JUMP."

By WALTER WOOD.

Illustrated by GUNNING KING.

Truth to tell, I never tasted any fishermen 'at's tasted 'jump' except that George Elm an' I. But I'll tell you 'bout it."

"Yes, it was a soft mornin' like this, an' the old *Star of Hope* was anchored just where the most easterly o' them steam boats is docked."

She was a yawl 'at had been borrowin' as a mark-boat for a regatta, an' fitted up as a sort o' refreshment-room for the amateur gentlemen 'at go in for yachtin' in the summer-time. Though, to be sure, some of 'em's got no more sense nor grunter Bless 'em! If it wasn't for them, a lot o' lifeboat makers 'ud be bankrupted. Well, they mayn't all be able to sail, but I'll do the common justice to say 'at I never seed better steerin' nor some of 'em showed when they were makin' for the *Star of Hope*, to get aboard. Two 'em collided, an' they both sank; but they were hauled up an' brought round wi' 'jump.' It was beautiful to see the way they axed pardon of the'selves, till they got ashore an' began to call one another names, an' then to act disgraceful on the sands wi' their fists. An' they were gentlemen, mind you, wi' a lot o' brass-bandin' an' patent boots.

"You must know 'at bonny fyde men 'at took part in that regatta could get free refreshments on board the *Star of Hope*, an' when this was known the amount of entries was perfectly wonderful. Two or three men hardly knew one end of a boat from the other till she started hurried in, becoss the Mayor, who provided the eatables an' drinkables, an' is a free-handed an' 'earty gentleman 'at can't abide a empty glass—thank you, Sir, I don't mind if I do 'ave another, for there's nothing more grateful to the inside nor rum—the Mayor, in his jocosious way had said, 'Let 'em all come!' An' I can tell you, there was no second time of askin'.

"Yes," says old George Elm, bitter, when he heard this. "Let 'em all come, as long as they've got collars on an' wear pocket-handkerchieys. But what about us poor cobbles 'at toil an' moil an' keep things goin', eh? Where do *zee* come in?" He was proppin' a lamp-post up when he spoke.

"Suddenly he starts an' says, 'There's his Lordship the Mayor! I'll leppytate him, an' put the unfairness of it afore him.'

"The Mayor was bearin' down towards 'em in a two-horse carriage, wi' the Mayoress, which was his daughter, an' as lovely a bit o' stun as I ever set eyes on. George Elm 'olds up 'is 'and in a warnin' sort of way, an' his Worship hove to. Now, when he likes, that George Elm can talk as well as a auctioneer, an' it's a fair pleasure to 'earken to him. There's no doubt he captivated 'em both, for the Mayor says, 'Certainly, my jovial fellers; you shall have a race all to yourselves, if so



be as them amatoor yachtsmen's agreeable, becoss you must understand 'at the object o' this regatty is to encourage seamanship an' navigation among the civilian poppulation 'at's what I may call non-maritime.' He could certainly talk as well as George Elm, an' 'ad a way o' flappin' his paw 'at drove things 'ome as he said 'em.

"Yes, dear pa," says the daughter; 'there must be a special event for these brave 'eroes.' Brave 'eroes! And she sparkled her eyes at George Elm—'which she wouldn't ha' done if she'd seen him hurry 'ome that night' when there was a breeze an' they were short-anded an' wanted to get the life-boat out.

"But George Elm could talk an' his Worship could talk—they were no match for them amatoors. You see, Sir, they was a mixed lot—doctors, lawyers, an' a few roustabouts like artists; an' there was a writin' gentleman, too, 'at did pieces for the papers an' magazines. It was terrible to listen to him when he spoke about what he called the purity o' sport an' the need of keepin' regattys select. 'No, no,' he says; 'by all means let the coblemen look in,' he says, 'but we must work off these social events first. There'll be ladies aboard the *Star of Hope*,' he says, 'eatin' cake an' tea, an' you never know what coblemen'll say next, or what sort o' songs they'll sing.' He meant that as hit at George Elm, who's got a fine song wi' twenty-three verses in it.

"I suppose you've all created a thirst for that 'jump' by eatin' red 'errins,' says George Elm, as sour as curds. 'How long have you been trainin' for it?' But the literary gentleman gave him back as good as he got by tellin' him to go an' put his head in the 'arbour mud an' keep it there for ten minutes. 'Then,' he says, 'we'll listen to you, if you've got any breath left to talk with. Besides, George,' he says, 'you know as well as I do 'at it's against all the rules o' the regatty to allow anybody to enter now. The entries was closed a week since, an even if his Worship's own daughter, lovely though she is, was to come weepin' an' beg us to let her enter, we should have to steel our hearts an' say no.'

"All right, Mr. Paperwaster," says George Elm—he was allus spyin' round, pickin' up nicknames, an' got a lot of 'em at the Bloaters' Club—

"Lotus," I suggested mildly.

"Where he sometimes shoved his nose in unwanted," pursued Kit, ignoring my correction. "All right, Mr. Paperwaster. You think you've got all the show to yourselves; but wait an' see. There'll be a good few of you to-morrer at this time wishin' you'd been buried early.'

"What do you mean?" says Mr. Bagshot, for that was the writin' gentleman's real name—rather threatenin'. He was known to read the police news in the papers an' to be well up in the law.

"Wait an' see," says George Elm. 'But if you want to know, what I mean is 'at there's a star 'uggin' the moon very close, an' when that 'appens there isn't goin' to be much tea-fightin' on board the yawl. Take my word for it—you'll get them dainty skirts on board a dashed deal easier nor you'll get em' off. But perhaps you'll never get em on board at all.'

"Well, that regatty began in fair good earnest. It was a tip-top affair, an' no mistake. The Mayoress herself fired a gun as a startin' signal, an' gave the prettiest little squeal you ever heard, pretendin' she was frightened; but everybody said it was so that a' amatoor gentleman 'at was in the Volunteers, an' very partial to her, as she was to him, could rush for'ard an' comfort her 'at there was no danger, which he did. Then the Mayor an' the Town's Councillors went off in a steam-boat to the *Star of Ope* for refreshment an' to watch the races; but it had breezed up a bit, an' when they got alongside there were only two or three of 'em with any appetite left—which was a pity, seein' 'at they'd cleared plenty o' cargo space durin' the trip.

"I told you a star was 'uggin' the moon," says George Elm, who was tearin' about like a ravin' madman in his coble, his brother an' a cousin with him.

"You'd almost think it was the *Star of Ope*, from the way she points her nose to the sky," says the Mayor, jococious-like, but very pale, an' clingin' tight to the main-sheet 'orse. 'We could p'raps see the races better from the foreshore,' he says, turnin' to the Town's Councillors. 'An' in any case there's a very important Watch Committee meetin' this afternoon which it's vitally urgent for us all to be present at. What say you, gentlemen?' An' they all said 'Aye,' thinkin', p'raps, 'at they was at a Town's Council meetin'.

"They comed ashore, an' mighty glad most of 'em was to be on dry land again. That mornin' turned out to be a reg'lar soft un—I've somehow taken a dislike to that expression. I don't quite know why—an' a sort o' blight fell on the regatty. Some o' the amatoors, who was well-plucked uns, especially them roustabout painters, swore they'd sail if it blew a blizzard, an' they framed well for it, too. But when three o' the events had been worked off the Mayor told 'em 'at human life was too sacred to risk for mere sport, an' 'at they must wait till the weather fined afore finishin'.

"Well, if you wait on this coast for the weather to fine when it takes it into its 'ead to blow an' rain, you can wait a rare long time, and there was a good many more of us, besides George Elm, 'at knew for certain 'at there'd be no more regattyin' for several days.

"We shall 'ave to put some men aboard to see 'at the *Star of Ope* doesn't break loose from her moorin's an' drive ashore an' become a total wreck," says Mr. Bagshot, 'though, to be sure, I'd like to see 'er jolly well smashed to smithereens, becoss I could make something out of it. Suppose you an' your brother an' cousin takes the job on, George,' he says, 'an' we'll give you five bob a day apiece an' your tuck. But you mustn't touch the regatty refreshment, which your palate isn't trained to appreciate. Fizz and patty grass,' he says, 'ud be no more to you nor biscuits to be hippopotamusses.' An' there was a good deal in it, too, becoss that George Elm has a throat like brass tubin'. an' allus swollers his sperrits neat.'

"We'll take it on," says George Elm, an' the bargain was made. The three of 'em put off in their coble and got on board the *Star of Ope*, an' for several hours we saw nothing more of 'em. Then, in the afternoon, when a few of us were standin' on the 'Platform' they've cleared it away now, to make room for that Marine Drive, which is a white elephant they'll never finish till the Day of Judgment—up tears Mr. Bagshot in a terrible commotion.

"Them dashed ghouls is 'avin' a perfect orgy," he says. 'We've been listenin' to 'em through the telegraph, an' they're raisin' Cain. There's that George Elm singin' his disgraceful song, an' we can 'ear the corks poppin' like a bombardment. It's frightful,' he says, 'to think of all that costly jump being swilled by such swine. You might as well decorate a kitchen boiler with diamonds. Is there any volunteers for the yawl?'

"Now there's times when men sinks their diff'rences an' becomes friends, an' though some of us were none too partial to George Elm, becoss of his crooked ways; still, this wasn't the time when we were goin' to round on him. An' that's what we said. We gave Mr. Bagshot the straight tip.

"Very well," he says sarcastic, 'if there isn't one of you 'at durst risk his precious life in a bit of a popple, we'll see what us amatoors can do ourselves. I'm forgettin',' he says, 'at some o' you know a sight more about 'uggin' the drainpipe at the back of the pier for crabs nor you do about open water. Things aren't what they used to be in the days of old John Donkin, who hid in the bight of the pier like a spider, an' shot out an' got hold of anything 'at was goin' 'at sea, breeze or no breeze. 'Trippers an' steam,' he says, 'have clean spoiled you, an' you're no longer men. You're pier-rats.' Then he walks off—an' just in time, I can tell you, for there was a few on us 'at would ha' given him what for if he'd stopped.

"He hurried to the foreshore an' rushed into a little wood shanty 'at had been rigged up, an' which was a place where they could talk to the *Star of Ope*. Wonderful it was, an' all done by the amatoor engineer 'at has that petrol-launch 'at's allus explodin' at the wrong time. The shed was packed with amatoors, an' one was readin' off what was bein' said an' done on board the yawl.

"They're wolfin' the chickens," reads off the man at the telegraph. 'Now there's a pop, an' George Elm's shoutin' "Chop their necks off!"'

"Eavens!" says Mr. Bagshot with a groan, 'that jump's flowin' like blood at Waterloo!'

"Now there's a thud," says the interpreter, with the plug thing at his ear.

"I'raps one of 'em's tackled one o' your pies, an' fallen," says a amatoor, with a laugh, for it was well known 'at all the refreshments had been provided by the interpreter's father.

"There's that George Elm bawlin' his old song," reports the man at the wire. 'He's got to the chorus again—

"Let go the reef tayle,  
Let go the reef tayle,  
Let go the reef tayle—  
My jumper is jammed!"

"This must be stopped," says Mr. Bagshot. 'It'll have to be stopped an' them scoundrels got ashore, even if the life-boat has to be launched. Do you think, Mr. Webb,' he says, turnin' to one of the amatoors, 'at you could get as far as the yawl wi' your steam-launch? We'd go in my cutter, but we'd never be able to beat out to her in this breeze. It's blowin' dead on shore.'

"I'd do it like a shot," says Mr. Webb, 'only the propeller's unshipped an' the injun's under repair. Yes, there's nothing I'd like better, if it wasn't for this most unfortunate over'aulin'. I'd like you to see 'er when she's really punchin' into it.'

"It was an extraordinary thing 'at whenever that launch was wanted she was never ready. She couldn't get steam up under four hours, from cold water, an' I never saw her under way except once, an' then she was trying to tow another amatoor's craft 'at was pullin' her back.

"Very well," says Mr. Bagshot, firm-like, 'there's more ways o' killin' cats nor with kindness, an' if we can't get out with our sailin'-boats, an' if our only steam-launch is in the foundry again—if she was mine I'd dump her on the scrap-eap—an' if our brave coblemen won't face it, there's only one thing for it—we shall have to arrange for the life-boat. By gosh! Jenkins,' he says, 'isn't it your quarterly practice to-morrer?'

"That's the fixture," says Mr. Jenkins, who was the local secretary for the life-boat.

"Then why not have it to-day, this very afternoon, instead?" says Mr. Bagshot, eager-like.

"I'll consider about it," says Mr. Jenkins, cautious.

"The man 'at considers is lost," says Mr. Bagshot. 'Make up your mind now. There's no time for consideration. Either that life-boat's got to be launched or this regatty's got to bust. Besides,' he says, sly-like, 'it 'ud make you stand well with the Mayoress. A life-jacket an' oilskins an' a sou'-wester suits you to a tee, an' there's nothing she fancies as much as a naval 'ero. That gunner's 'avin' it all his own way, and if you aren't careful, he'll hike her off from beneath your very nose.' For it was well known 'at Mr. Jenkins, as well as the Volunteer gentleman, was very sweet on the young lady, an' was friendly disposed towards the money she'd got in the bank.

"I think," says Mr. Jenkins, 'at p'raps it 'ud be judicial to put the practice for'ard a bit. It 'ud be a sort of pansy for the wounded feelin's an' disappointment of the spectators. I suppose,' he says, addressin' me, 'at the old girl 'ud be as right as nails in a sea like this?' 'She'd just sniff at it an' scorn it,' I answers. 'She's a jolly stiff boat, an' as steady as 'ouses,' he says, comfortin' hisself like. He was a wonderful talker, an'



had a rare gift o' goadin' other people into doin' things 'at he didn't much fancy on his own account. 'You're right there, Sir,' I told him; 'she's as steady as the Light'ouse, an', as for a bit o' sea like this—pooh!'

" 'Then we'll get her launched,' he says, 'an' I'll go with her.'

"Sev'ral of the amatoors says, 'Ooray!' an' the interpreter says, 'You'd better take some millingtary with you, or a boardin' party from the Coastguard, for that George Elm an' his lot's got to a state of things 'at's paralyzin'. I'll bet they've shipped every bottle o' jump there is aboard the yawl, an' 'at they see more green monkys, taken all in all, nor was ever let loose at the Zoo.'

"Well, we got the life-boat out an' ran her down the slipway an' had her afloat in double-quick time. There was no want o' men, for it was a bit o' fun, an' there was pay for it, too, which allus acts as salt to fun. Mr. Jenkins was there, as large as life an' twice as natural, with a life-jacket on an' wearin' a long red cap. The amatoors was a bit waggish; but Mr. Jenkins scorned to answer 'em, nor yet did he reply when they guyed him as we pulled off an' asked him if his will was made an' what was to be done with him when he was thrown up on the beach. That was p'raps

Mr. Bagshot 'ad got to the telegraphit by that time an' was readin' off the report.

" 'We've come to demand you to leave the yawl,' says Mr. Jenkins. 'We've been listenin' to your carryin's on ashore, an' it's scand'lous. You little knew 'at every word you said was as clear to us as a pikestaff, an' 'at every pop of a cork has been recorded against you.'

"George Elm was stunned for a minute, not quite understandin', an' havin' been brought up by a grandmother 'at believed in witches; but he was one too many for Mr. Jenkins, an' answers boldly, 'It's a lie. There wasn't any corks poppin'—we knocked their long necks off with a marlin-spike.' Then he began his song again an' capered about the deck.

" 'Come off that yawl,' orders Mr. Jenkins. 'Come ashore with us.'

" 'I couldn't dream o' breakin' my bargain,' says George Elm, 'which is to stand by the *Star of Ope* for five bob a day an' find my own tuck. I'm doin' both—an' as for tuck, it's under our very noses, an' easy enough to find. Eh, boys?' The whole three of 'em laughed an' roared, an' it was plain to see 'at the jump had made its mark on 'em.



"Certainly, my jovial fellers; you shall have a race all to yourselves."

becoss some of 'em wanted to go out in the life-boat an' Mr. Jenkins said they couldn't, as it was against the rules. 'He wants all the show to hisself, says one, 'so 'at he can be the centre figure on the stage an' command the attention of the Mayoress by what he does. Well, I hope he'll come a jolly mucker!'

"We got a bit of a dustin' when we were pullin' across the tideway, but, of course, nothing to matter, an' we were as dry as bones when we lay to under the lee of the yawl an' 'ailed George Elm, who was by way o' bein' skipper.

Mr. Jenkins, in a very stern voice, stands up an' calls on George Elm to surrender.

" 'What for?' answers George, who was leanin' over the gunwale. 'Am I a thief?'

" 'You are,' says Mr. Jenkins. 'You've stole all the jump.'

" 'Are you a bobby?' says George, terrible sarcastic. 'You supprise me. I thought you was one o' them brewer's draymen what I saw in London. What have you done with your bartils? Emptied 'em all by yourself? Why you must ha' been as dry as the Sahary Desert!'

"We all laughed—we couldn't help it—an' Mr. Jenkins was that mortified he lost his temper an' said two or three things 'at he was sorry for after. If you get talkin' with them amatoors they'll tell you some dreadful things 'at they say they heard him speak—though, to be sure,

" 'What are we to do?' says Mr. Jenkins, turning to the coxn; but the coxn said it wasn't his shout, an' 'at it 'ud be out of his duty to interfere wi' George Elm. We didn't know then 'at he had a secret understandin' wi' George to bring him a vcal an' 'am pie ashore, an' any other little thing 'at he could get through without bein' nobbled.

" 'I was never so upset in my life,' declares Mr. Jenkins, an' just then most unfortunately, the life-boat gives a nasty lurch, an' over he comes bang on top o' me, his cork jacket thuddin' against mine in a way 'at was like crackin' crabs. Then he gets jerked up again, an' what wi' that an' the jeers o' George Elm, he was fair mad, an' let his language go like Board o' Trade rockets. 'You must come off,' he shouts, 'or you'll have me to reckon with.'

" 'If I start reckonin' with you, I'll soon settle you,' says George Elm back. 'Why, if I only get you in my clutches I'll crush you like a egg-shell.' An' he looked as if he could do it, too, bein' big an' burly, an' Mr. Jenkins very slight and short.

" 'Skill counts more nor brute force,' says Mr. Jenkins, who was well known to be in trainin' by letter by a gentleman 'at fed 'im on nuts an' nourishment, an' by yet another 'at trained him by correspondence at what they call catch-as-catch-can.

" 'Come an' try it on,' says George Elm, an' wi' that he picks up a bottle o' jump, knocks the neck off, an' drinks as much as didn't fly overboard.



Lay me alongside,' orders Mr. Jenkins, like one o' the naval officers of old boardin' a battle-ship. 'I'll have him down in a jiffy, then we'll get him ashore.' But the coxn knew George Elm better nor Mr. Jenkins did, and what with excuses, an' what with bunglin', he took very good care not to get the life-boat too near the yawl. 'It can't be done,' he says, 'this tide's runnin' at a fair rip.'

"What 'ud you 'do supposin' these men was shipwrecked?' asks Mr. Jenkins, sneerin', an' I thought it was a fair stumper. But the coxn was ready for him. 'If they was shipwrecked,' he answers, 'they'd be helpin' us; but as for these men, they're doin' all they can to thoil us.'

"I don't know what 'ud ha' happened if Mr. Jenkins hadn't suddenly shouted 'Look out, there! Upon my soul that yawl's parted her anchor an' she's driftin' ashore!'

"It was as true as gospel. I don't know how it had happened, but there was the *Star of 'Ope* adrift, and going ashore like a good 'un. If it hadn't been for the jump that yawl could have been saved as easy as winkin'; but George Elm an' his brother an' his cousin was in that state 'at they refused to do anything, bein' perfectly content, as George Elm said, to drift to 'eaven, an' refusin' to let anybody go on board or near her. They knew they were safe enough with the life-boat standin' by

I 'ears him mutter, 'what a real man is; an' if' so be as she knows what's what, you'll jolly well have your beak put out of joint. It 'ud be a awful thing,' he says, musin' like, 'to see her the fancied bride of a reptile like 'im.'

"Now things 'appens at sea as you never expect 'em to 'appen. We was gettin' very near to the yawl, so 'at the crew could jump into the life-boat, when she gives a tremendous lurch, bein' broadside on to the sea 'at was runnin', an' overboard tumbles George Elm.

"Instantly, with a loud cry, Mr. Jenkins goes after him, well knowin' 'at his cork jacket 'ud keep him from sinkin'.

"Well, the coxn had George Elm by the lugs afore you could count ten, an' 'auled him on board with a nasty mixture o' sea an' jump in his inside.

"Then there was a queer shout, an' then roars of laughter, for what should we see in the watter, between us an' the shore, but Mr. Jenkins's feet, made fast in his cork-jacket. He'd gone slap under the boat, an' I suppose his jacket had been torn off an' got entangled in his boots. P'raps it had got adrift to start with when he fell on me. Be that as it may, there he was head down, and strugglin' frightful to rise, which he couldn't do.

"We righted him an' dragged him in, more dead nor alive, and what we didn't do in the way o' laughter, them amateurs ashore made up for.



"Them dashed ghouls is 'avin' a perfect orgy."

'em, an' they just let her rip an' squatted on board as if it was the best joke in the world, till such time as they had to do as Mr. Jenkins told 'em, an' take to the life-boat.

"Now by that time it had been made known 'at the yawl was comin' ashore, and the Mayor and Mayoress, as well as the Town's Councillors an' nearly all the poppylation, had got to the foreshore, just as excited as if they was watchin' play-actin'. Of course, I don't know how true it is, but they do say 'at Mr. Jenkins wilfully waited till it was just as narrer a squeak as could be afore he gave the order to save George Elm an' t'other two, at all costs. He shouted in a very loud voice, so, they say, 'at the Mayoress could 'ear him. 'They must be rescued,' he says, 'even though some of us perishes in doin' it'—but he didn't say which of us he meant.

"We was then so near the shore 'at you could quite plainly see what was goin' on, an' could tell the people's faces. There was the Mayoress, as pretty an' frightened as she could be, an' there was the Volunteer gunner gentleman, comfortin' her again, as likely as not—though what he knew about the sea an' ships I can't tell you.

"It may ha' been my fancy, but Mr. Jenkins gives a very awful look at the gunner gentleman, an' then sort o' grinds his teeth, as if he was goin' into battle. They said afterwards 'at he was determined to show off, an' that whatever happened was his own fault. 'I'll show her, my fine feller,'

Mr. Jenkins was a truly comical spectacle, with his red cap all wet an' danglin' down, which no one called his attention to, not wantin' to spoil the fun.

"Land me at the slipway," he says, dreadful crestfallen, when he came to an' unshipped some of his water ballast. 'This is all your work, you ruffian!' he says to George Elm, with tears in his voice. 'You've ruined the regatta, and the worst of it is 'at there's no gettin' at you. You've touched every bank between 'ere an' the Thames,' he says, 'an' you've piled up five ships.'

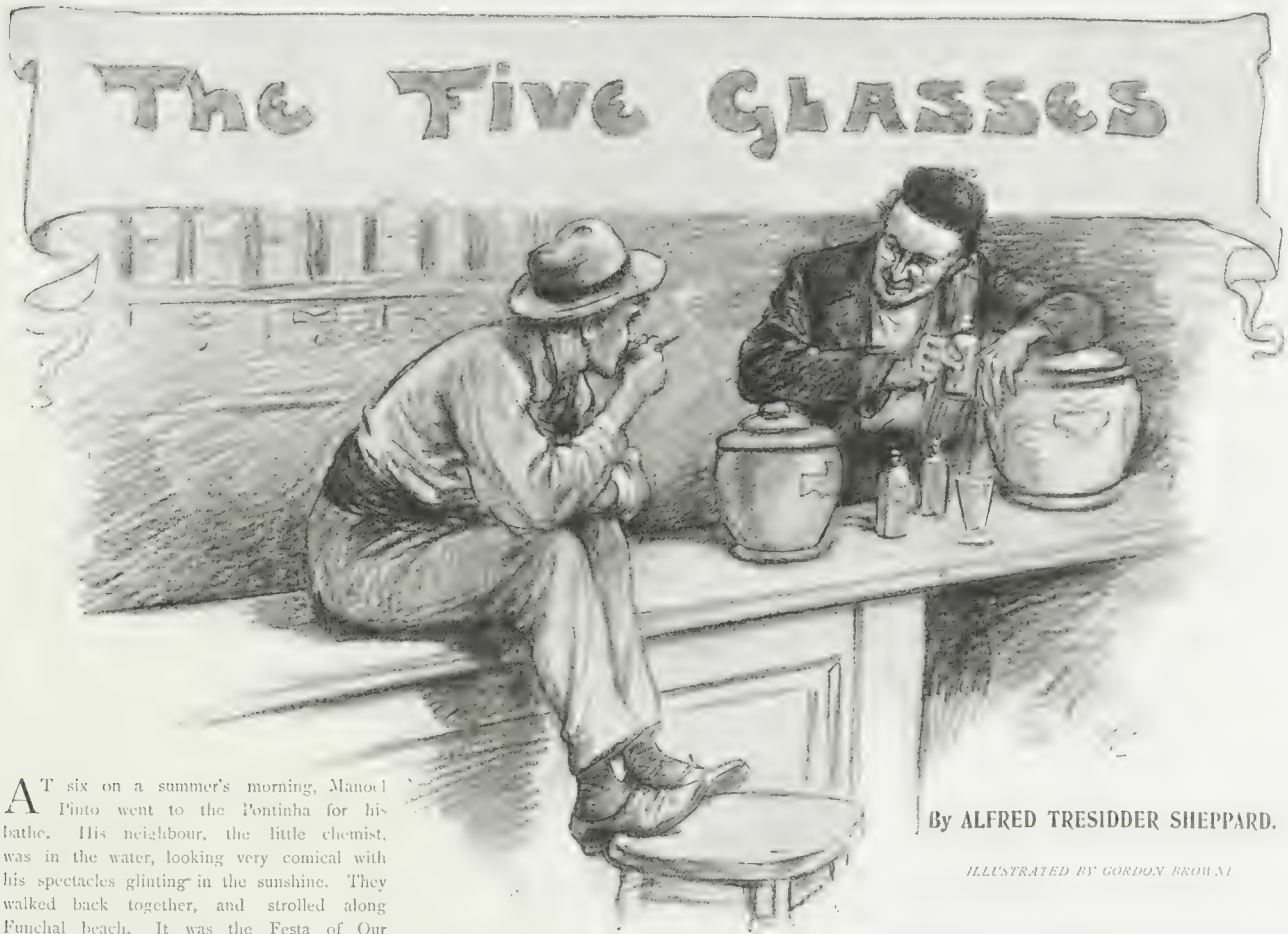
"Countin' this, it's a round six," says George Elm, peaceful-like, 'for that *Star of 'Ope* 'll be firewood in an hour'—which she was. 'But it wasn't my fault—it's the rotten chain an' that jump. It doesn't seem to have what I may call any quality in it. You might just as well freeze on to the pump,' he says, an' then he walks 'ome an' goes to sleep on the doorstep.

"Mr. Jenkins runs across the road an' 'ides in the lifeboat-ouse till it was dark, an' refuses to appear when some o' the amateurs was what they call encorin' him.

"An' what about the Mayoress, you say? Why, she married the Volunteer gunner gentleman, 'for,' she says, 'it's too much to ask me to take a 'usband what all the little boys chase an' say, "Who wears a cork collar round 'is ankles?"'"

THE END.





By ALFRED TRESIDDER SHEPPARD.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWN

AT six on a summer's morning, Manoel Pinto went to the Pontinha for his bath. His neighbour, the little chemist, was in the water, looking very comical with his spectacles glinting in the sunshine. They walked back together, and strolled along Funchal beach. It was the Festa of Our Lady of the Mount, and already the little coloured country boats, from the coast villages, were arriving. "Come to me, my oxen; come to me, my pretty oxen," cried boys and men, as they goaded their shambling beasts to the water's edge, and, harnessing them to the sharp prow of the boats, dragged them through the surf and over the sharp ridge of pebbles. Screams and giggles mingled with the noisy chorus of "*Ca para mim boi, ca ca ca ol!*" as the crowded boats grated on the beach. Already some of the new-comers were doing their hair, and donning holiday garments, after their voyage.

"Are you going to the church, Pinto?" asked Andrade, the chemist.

"Yes, with Menina Anna," said Manoel.

Andrade rolled a cigarette. With those twinkling glasses, and the queer curl of his lips, it was difficult to tell whether he was smiling. They watched a fat priest, whose morning bath from the beach (he never ventured in the deep waters of the Pontinha) was like some elaborate ritual, and performed with equal gravity. His great umbrella had been planted in the pebbles, with a strip of carpet and a camp-stool underneath; a boy was waiting with a watering-can to douché his master when he came puffing from the sea.

"She's not going with her English sailor then?" asked Andrade.

Manoel clenched his fist. "*Insecta fero!*" he muttered savagely, in a string of oaths. "Ugly insect." In Madeira that is almost the last word of abuse. "No, she's not," he snapped out. "She promised me."

"Well. . . . She was with him again yesterday, Manoel."

There were two war-vessels lying in the Roads, an American and a British. Manoel spat some more spleen and shook his clenched fist savagely towards the latter. "English dogs!" he muttered. "Why, when my grandfather was alive, we made these heretics fling their dead into the sea at night. We wouldn't even let them bury any English on the island—and now—"

"Still, they bring money," Andrade rubbed his hands. "Not that I love them," he added. "When that Serpa Pinto affair was on—you remember?—I put up 'American Spoken Here' instead of 'English' in my shop."

They passed through the Varadouras Gateway; Manoel entered the chemist's with his friend, and sat on the counter dangling his legs. Andrade dusted the bottles.

"That dog of mine was yelping all night again, Luiz," said Manoel, lighting a cigarette. "I'll give him a dose of something if he bothers me much more. Are those poisons on that shelf?"

"Some of them. I've plenty here—enough to poison all the dogs in Funchal."

Manoel had gloomy tastes. The rows of bottles against the wall of the dark little shop had always interested him. Death, in all kinds of shapes, easy and terrible, stood ranged on the shelves. He pointed to a bottle.

"What's that?"

"This? Strychnine," said Andrade. "How does it act? Well, in a quarter of an hour or less after taking it, your neck gets stiff, and you're seized with terror, and you curl round like a barrel-loop. Then you jerk about till you're dead."

"Oh-h," said Manoel. "And that bottle, Luiz?"

"Laudanum. You turn blue; your eyes look like pin-points; you sleep and no one can wake you up. Mind your legs, Manoel."

Andrade was sweeping dust from behind the counter with a broom. Manoel drew up his legs, but continued his inquiries about the jars and bottles with the queer names which he could not read. He sold wicker chairs; and that needs little education. Andrade wished he would go; he was too fond of wasting time in the shop. At the next inquiry, without turning his head, the chemist said, "Oh, you turn red and green and blue by turns, and die purple." He gave a dry chuckle, and Manoel's eyes grew round.

A clock struck. Manoel jumped down from the counter. "Well, I must go. Oh, what's in this big jar, Luiz? This colourless stuff?"

"Nothing you'd care to drink, my friend. That'd finish you off, it all the rest failed." He laughed again, and turned to serve his first customer.

Manoel Pinto went home, bolted the *sopas* of fat pork and sweet potatoes which was waiting for him, and then, after dressing himself very smartly, started for the Mount Church. He called at a house on the outskirts of Funchal, as the clocks were striking nine.

"Is Anna ready?" he asked a little bashfully.

"Ready? Why, she's gone," said Senhora Botelho. "Haven't you seen her? She started five minutes ago. Oh, I don't know why she



didn't wait. I've given up trying to control that girl. You'll catch her up if you hurry."

He flung out of the house with an oath, and hurried towards the bend of the road. In his head rang the song which the men sing when treading out the must; the song of "Mentrosa Mariana"—

"Mariana says she has seven petticoats with stripes.  
Tell the truth to your lover,  
And no more deceive him,  
Lying Maiana."

Were all girls alike? She had promised faithfully to go with him to the Festa. . . . At the corner he saw her, and clerched his fist at the sight of her companion, the English sailor from the war-ship. They had stopped to speak to Constança Arco, whose hand was on the sleeve of another sailor, with the stars of the United States Navy at the tips of his broad collar. Anna looked provokingly pretty, with her black, glossy hair, and her velvet bodice and coloured skirt and starched sleeves, and the jaunty little scalloped cape of blue-and-gold. At her throat glistened a Brazilian topaz brooch—his gift.

"Hello, Bailey!" the American was saying. The Englishman introduced Anna as "Miss Bottleho," and presented his friend with a flourish as "Senhor Don Billio Simmons"; at which Anna and the others laughed. She turned her head and saw Manoel, looking very sullen.

"Good morning, Mistaire Manoel," she said, in pretty broken English, bowing mischievously.

"Good morning, Menina Anna," he answered in Portuguese. Her use of English was an added insult. He spluttered. "I—I—called—" A lucky thought came to him. He pulled off his hat, and said "Good-day" to the foreigners and Constança; and then, "Come along, Anna. We'll start, if you're ready."

"Oh, we're all going together."

"No, we're not. You promised to come with me."

"Did I? Well, I will, won't I?" She looked at him provokingly.

"Only there'll be twenty thousand there, Manoel, so we can't have the road to ourselves, you know. And Constança, and—"

"I'm not going with them," said Manoel sullenly.

"No? Well, I am; so you can go by yourself—to St. Peter, Manoel," she said sweetly. The Portuguese expression is prettier than our own.

Anna caught the arm of her sailor; they went off, leaving Manoel in the road. "Looks as if he's been drinking vinegar, that chap," remarked the American. "I reckon he's got 'belly belong him,' as they say in the South Seas. That's what's the matter with him."

"He ain't your young man, is he, Anna? You're not engaged to him, eh?" asked Bailey. Anna, when she understood, said "No."

Manoel watched them vindictively, until Anna threw him a glance over her shoulder—half defiant and provoking, and yet half inviting. Well, she

and boots of tough, yellow skin; beggars with twisted limbs and filthy bandages; shopkeepers; English and American tourists on horseback or in hammocks. A string of *carros*—the cabs of Madeira—creaked past on runners, drawn by clumsy oxen, which blundered into the pedestrians. Constança and the American were in front; then came Anna and Bailey; Manoel had to walk behind.

He was furious. Still, at the summit there would be more room, and then he could get next to Anna and talk to her, and coax her into a more friendly mood. They reached the top at last. At the inn near the church many pilgrims



He had just time to fill the phial.

were doing justice to the *pão vinho bom*—bread and good wine—which its sign announced. Others sat or lolled against a stack of faggots. Bullock-cars, horses, hammocks, and hand-sledges for the descent to Funchal clustered together, guarded by their attendants. The steps of the church were crowded with a picturesque company, chattering, laughing, munching provisions, drinking wine from horn mugs or skins. Two bands were playing discordantly different tunes. Regardless of the noise, and adding to it, a man was pulling the strings of his *machete*, and some Lisbon sailors danced, barefoot, to the music of a mouth-organ. Here and there were banners, and the great figure of a saint swayed above the crowd.

The church was covered with flags of many nations. Bailey and Simmons entered with the girls; Manoel, close behind, knew enough English to understand the drift of their remarks. He knelt before the little figure of Nossa Senhora do Monte—flaxen-wigged, covered with tawdry jewels—but he kept a corner of his eye for the foreigners, and mentioned them, not charitably, in his prayers.

They came out again into the blazing sunshine, and the two sailors raced towards the inn to secure a little table. For a moment Manoel and Anna were close together. "Come along, Anna," he whispered; "we can lose them now in the crowd. Quick—before they look round."

She tossed her head. "What do you mean? You can go away if you like. You're not very cheerful company, Manoel. Besides, I'm thirsty."

Under his breath, he cursed England, with gentler asides for the United States; he summed up Bailey's ancestors for a hundred years, saddling inoffensive folk long under quiet tomb-stones with crimes unnamable; a fishing-fleet from Cama de Lobos (and that carries rough eloquence) might have listened with respect. But he had to follow.

There was a drop of consolation in the thought that Bailey paid for drinks. Manoel ordered *aguardiente*; the fiery spirit quickened his resentment. He would have flung off in dudgeon, but the day had been long looked forward to, he was hotly in love, and even now hoped for some happy chance or some relenting. Perhaps she was only teasing; her moods changed so. Perhaps soon she would catch his arm, when the others were not looking; whisper and laugh softly; and they would slip away, like two conspirators.

He met her eyes once, and set his face to abject misery and appeal. She was quite indifferent. Bailey had suggested walking on towards the Ribeira de João Gomes. They trooped off, Manoel still behind.

It seemed, then, that Our Lady had heard the prayers whispered in the church. Bailey was at the edge of the path; his foot dislodged a pebble—he slipped. Manoel shut his eyes while his heart thumped violently. His lips moved fast. When he looked again, hoping to see his rival on the stones hundreds of feet below, the Englishman was erect, laughing, with his hand on Anna's sleeve. And the hand moved insidiously towards her waist!

Manoel Pinto's hand flashed to his knife. The broad blue back was just in front of him, a safe target for the stroke. He crept nearer, like a cat.

Then, from the Mount Church, came a report sounding as if some hand had tugged at the blue stretch of sky, rending it like a sheet. A fizz and splutter followed the booming of the echoes; next, a long-drawn "Ah-h!" of admiration from the crowd they had just left. Bailey span



"Quick—before they look round!"

might relent. She was sometimes very penitent after these moods. He could see there was no love-making; if there were—! He felt the sheath of his knife. Then he followed sulkily.

It is an hour's climb from Funchal to the church. From all parts of the island people had flocked to the festivities. There were peasant women in gay dresses; men in blue, spiked caps and white shirts and tight breeches



[illegible]

The GRAMOPHONE & TYPEWRITER, Ltd., 21, City Road, London.



round. In an instant, Manoel's knife was thrust back in its hiding-place. He gasped. Another instant, and the business would have been done past recall. He thought now of the close little white-washed cell in Funchal Prison, stifling in this hot weather; the trial; the hold of a Lisbon-bound vessel; and then the scaffold, or, at best, years of trapped misery. That burst of rockets and crackers had saved him.

"Hullo! Fireworks, eh?" cried Bailey. "What's the notion of blowing off their powder by daylight?"

"Anna!" appealed Manoel. "Come and see them. Come back with me to the church. I'll buy you—I'll buy you wine, and grapes, and—"

He was spluttering in his rage and jealousy. Anna eyed him quizzingly.

"Leave that—that ugly insect!" he spluttered.

"You look an ugly insect yourself now, Manoel," she answered. "No; I'm not coming. We can't see anything in the sunshine, and we can hear where we are. I don't want grapes or wine."

"Are you coming?" he hissed, drawing back. Perhaps, if he threatened to go away, she might see that his patience was near its end.

"No."

Without another word, Manoel turned on his back and stalked off in moody dignity. Every moment he hoped to hear an invitation to return.

The only sound that reached his ears was the sound of their jarring laughter, as they went on towards the Ribeira.

He thrust his way through the crowd by the church, and, at the inn, drank another glass of aguardiente. Every few moments a squib or cracker sputtered out in daylight. The many pilgrims were at the height of their enjoyment. And he had mapped out his day so carefully! He had thought out, so exactly, the words he was going to say to Anna before the day ended!

Oh, he felt intensely sorry for himself. If only there were some safe method of revenge—or some way in which he could touch her heart, make her intensely sorry for him, too! He was almost in the mood for suicide; and took a gruesome pleasure, for some moments, in picturing his body at her feet. . . . Unfortunately, in that case, the satisfaction of seeing her emotion and penitence would be denied him.

But the sailor—he might still revenge himself on him. Manoel remembered, suddenly, the chemist's store. A *carinho*—one of the hand-sledges near the church—was just starting; he sprang in. The guides started the toboggan down the slippery pebbles, shouted for room, steered it with sticks and ropes; people trudging up laughed or screamed, and made way; glimpses of the sea appeared over yellow roofs, and between palms and chestnuts, and cactus; in ten minutes they were in Funchal.

His brain was in a whirl with the speed of their descent. He loitered outside the shop; his errand now seemed a little difficult. If he asked Andrade for poison for his dog, anything that happened afterwards might lead to inquiry and awkward evidence. Manoel peered in. It was a gloomy little place, this chemist's. What light there was glinted on the rows of jars and bottles. He missed the glitter of his friend's round spectacles. A boy was behind the counter.

"Senhor Andrade out, Jorge?" Manoel asked.

"I think he's getting ready to go to the Festa. I don't know if he's started yet. I'll see."

For a few precious seconds Manoel Pinto was in possession. He glanced into the street; no customer was approaching. There were empty phials on the counter; he caught one up. Which bottle should he choose? The white powder which jerked a man to death? The stuff which turned the face blue, made the eyes dwindle, and brought death at last through sleep? There was a noise in the inner room. He seized the nearest, a great glass jar on the lower shelf, with some colourless liquid filling it almost to the brim. "That'd finish you off, if the rest failed," Luiz had said. "It's nothing you'd care to drink, Manoel."

He had just time to fill the little phial and replace the jar.

"Senhor Andrade has gone out, Senhor Pinto," said the boy.

"Oh, it doesn't matter."

Manoel strolled down to the beach. He had death in his pocket now—bottled death. Colourless, too; he could make surly friends again with Anna; invite them all to drink; it would be easy to slip this into the sailor's wine or spirit.

But he felt troubled. His rage had cooled a little; jealousy stung him less. He was still very miserable. A melting pity for himself was now his chief emotion. Revenge, now that he had the means for it in his possession, seemed less inviting. There were risks, too. After all, he was not a Cama de Lobos cut-throat; a fairly prosperous dealer in wicker chairs, trading with the Cape boats, does not take life easily, without twinges. They are a mixed race, the Madeirense. Dark African blood struggled with Western, and with Western training.

The beach was almost deserted. Even the beggars and lepers had dragged themselves from the shadow of the Varadouras Gate to the Mount. Two or three boys were bathing. Some men were cutting and cleaning fish; a pig was being killed, and he watched its last agonies with interest. He strolled, still dubious, through the Fish Market. The colours and queer shapes of the fish always fascinated him. He turned over a red

*papa joão*, a pink *caslanheld*, with eyes set in gold and blue; there was a *peixe verde*, too, the dandy of those seas; blue-collared, with a green and red coat, and purple swallow-tail and fins. But Manoel's thoughts were far away.

Suddenly he turned and went off at a brisk pace towards the hills. His mind was made up. The sailor should escape. But that little bottle in his pocket should bring Anna to her senses—to his feet.

Oh, it was fine, it was dramatic! He thought out the details of his plan as he climbed the slope. He would pretend to make friends; ask them to drink. Then he would empty the phial into his own glass, before their eyes. He pictured the whole scene. They would spring to their feet together, and look at him in amazement. And then—and then—

As he trudged upwards Manoel composed his speech. It was to be a proposal of marriage, with the sight of his death in agonies as the penalty of refusal. She must promise, or he would drink and die. If she refused then? Well, there was little risk; but life without Anna—

Manoel, soliloquising, ran into a yoke of oxen, and begged pardon.

It was growing late when he reached the summit. For some time he hunted in vain among the people. The fireworks grew visible now against a sky of dark violet. The rival bands played furiously.

"Oh, here's Manoel again, like a bad pest, a,"

said Anna's voice. "How's St. Peter, Manoel? You look as if you've seen him, and been turned back."

Manoel forced a smile. He walked with them for a few minutes; and then, very nervously, suggested refreshments. Anna demurred. Bailey and Simmons were quite ready. Constança felt thirsty. "Very well," said Anna, accepting the peace-offering. His heart quickened as he led the way to a little table before the inn.

"A bottle of tinta, and glasses for five."

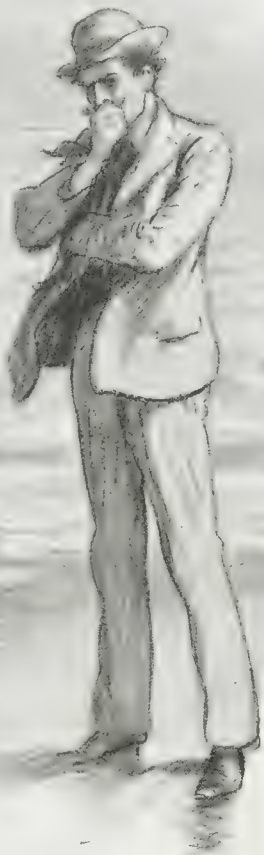
The waiter brought wine and glasses on a wooden tray. "I'll pour out," said Manoel. The others watched. Another rocket rose to the darkening sky.

"Oh, look!" said Anna.

Constança and the sailors turned their heads to watch the stream of coloured fire. Manoel's hand closed round the phial. After all, it would be safer to mix it with his wine at once. They might dash the glass from his hand if he tried to carry out his first intention. Yes—he would poison the tinta—fling down the phial as evidence—and hold the wine-glass firmly, while he gave his ultimatum.

It was done. He was ready. He dropped the empty phial, and turned to take his glass.

[Continued on page 40.]



Revenge  
seemed less  
inviting.



# TRY IT IN YOUR BATH

# SCRUBB'S

# CLOUDY AMMONIA.

A MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.  
 Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.  
 Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.  
 Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.  
 Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.  
 Invigorating in Hot Climates.  
 Restores the Colour to Carpets.  
 Cleans Plate and Jewellery.  
 Softens Hard Water.  
 So Vivifying after Cricket, Motoring and other Sports.

PRICE 1/- PER BOTTLE. OF ALL GROCERS, CHEMISTS, &c.

## THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS, LTD.

Telephone: 518 Central. 518 Central.

West-End Branch: 68, PICCADILLY.

Telegram

SPECIALITY.



8 1/2 inches long.

? WHAT DOES SHE SAY ?



£29 10s.



£21 10s. £25 5s.

**FINEST DIAMOND TIARAS**  
 in London, from  
 £25 to £2000,  
 also "Second-  
 Hand Tiaras."

ANY GOODS SENT ON  
 APPROVAL BY REGISTERED  
 POST, FREE OF ALL COST  
 AND AT THE  
 RISK OF THE ASSOCIATION.

**Finest Stock**  
 of Diamond  
 Necklets in  
 London, from  
 £25 to £2000,  
 also "Second-  
 Hand ones."



ALL DESIGNS  
 EXACT SIZE.

ALL DESIGNS  
 EXACT SIZE.

Dealers in Second-  
 Hand Jewellery,  
 Old Gold and Silver.  
 Write for Special  
 Illustrated List  
 published Monthly.



Each £1 10s. 6d. £1 17s. 6d. £1 7s. 6d.

Please write for Illus-  
 trated Catalogue I,  
 the Finest in the  
 World.  
 6000 Illustrations.  
 Post Free.

6, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQ., LONDON, W.C.

## BENGER'S FOOD

An ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

stating

*"What it is,  
 What it is for,  
 How to use it,"*

for INFANTS, INVALIDS,  
 CONVALESCENTS, AND THE  
 AGED, with other interesting infor-  
 mation will be sent post free on request.

Address, Dept. B.

BENGER'S FOOD, LTD.,  
 OTTER WORKS, MANCHESTER.



Before he could touch it, Bailey had seized the tray; and lifted it, with all five glasses in which the red wine was dancing! "Look here," he said, "let's move to that table now those people have gone—we'll see the fireworks better."

He set the tray down again, and ranged the chairs.

Manoel was speechless. The thing was so sudden, so unexpected. Which was his glass? He peered at all; there was no means of telling.

"Cheer!" said Bailey.

"Here's good snating!" cried Simmons. Their glasses were raised. Manoel gurgled inarticulate sounds, and gone dry. "Anna—" he gasped out.

Too late. He had drunk. Well, he must take his chance now. They seemed to eye him strangely. One must die. Hal chocking, he tossed the liquor off.

"What's the matter, Manoel?" asked Constança. "Isn't it all right?"

"Must be your looking at it, then, Manoel," said Anna. "Mine's all right."

"I—I think so. Rather sour—"

It certainly seemed rough to his tongue. But poisoned wine would surely be nastier than this. He looked anxiously at the four faces

in the twilight. Who had taken it? How would the poison take effect—and when?

Luiz Andrade had spoken vaguely about that jar. It was horrible being in the dark. Anything might happen. Constança moved her head; he wondered if her neck were stiffening. Bailey was chatting to the American; Manoel detected a strange discordance in his laugh. Another rocket went up; Anna's eyes glistened; they seemed curiously small.

And then, with appalling force came the conviction that his own senses were affected, making everything look strange and unnatural. He wanted to yawn, and resisted desperately, frightened of that sleeping death. His jaw twitched horribly. No, it was imagination. But he wondered why they looked at him so intently. A stranger passed their table and stared; instantly

Manoel suspected that his face was changing colour. He tried to swallow, to see if his throat were still in working order.

"Aren't you well, Manoel?" asked Anna, and there seemed concern in her voice.

[Continued on page 41.]



"Anna, I'm poisoned!"

**The Allenburys' Foods.**

MOTHER AND CHILD.

of age fed from birth on the...

A Pamphlet on Infant Feeding and Management (48 pages) free on request.

**The Allenburys' Foods.**

The "Allenburys' Milk Food No. 1 consists of fresh cow's milk scientifically modified so as to closely resemble human milk in composition. The excess of casein (indigestible curd) in the cow's milk has been removed, and the deficiency of fat and milk-sugar made good. The method of manufacture pasteurises the milk and absolutely precludes all risk of contamination with noxious germs. Thus a perfect substitute for the natural food of the child is obtained and vigorous growth and health is promoted.

The "Allenburys' Foods are alike suitable for the robust and delicate, and children thrive upon them as on no other diet.

No starch or farinaceous food should be given to an infant under six months of age, it is not only useless, for the young infant cannot digest starch, but is a frequent cause of illness and rickets.

**MILK FOOD No. 1. MILK FOOD No. 2. MALTED FOOD No. 3.**  
From birth to 3 months. From 3 to 6 months. From 6 months upwards.

**ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., Lombard Street, LONDON.**  
United States: Niagara Falls, N.Y. Canada: 66, Gerrard St. East, Toronto.  
Australia: Police St., Sydney. South Africa: 38, Castle St., Cape Town.

**MAPLE & CO**

**INEXPENSIVE  
BEDROOM FURNITURE**

The "APPLEBY," a quaintly inlaid Bedroom Suite in Fumed Oak, comprising roomy wardrobe with bevelled-mirrored door; Washstand with marble top, art-tiled back, ample cupboard, shelves and towel rods; shaped-top Dressing Chest with landscape glass, drawers and shelves; cane-seated Chairs

**£11 10 0**

THE LARGEST STOCK OF BEDROOM SUITES  
IN THE WORLD  
DELIVERY ON DAY OF PURCHASE IF DESIRED

**LONDON** *New Catalogues Free* **PARIS**



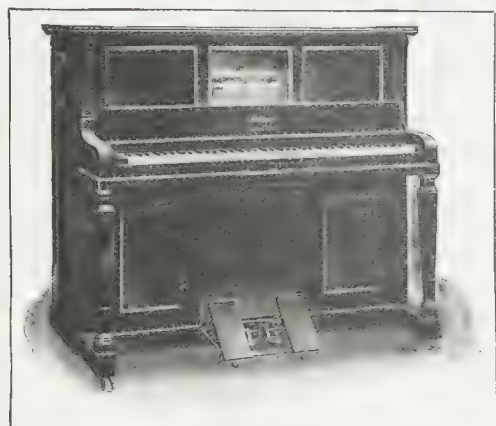
# THE PIANOLA PIANO.



THE PIANOLA PIANO  
when played by hand.

## The Ideal Xmas Purchase.

As a gift at Christmas time there is nothing which will give such real and lasting pleasure as a Pianola Piano, the instrument which everyone can play.

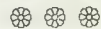


THE PIANOLA PIANO  
when played with music roll.

THE PIANOLA PIANO is a thoroughly successful combination of a piano of the highest grade with the Metrostyle Pianola, the world's standard piano-player, thus uniting in one perfect instrument the two accepted methods of playing the piano - by hand and with the Pianola. Judged from the most stringent piano standards, there is no finer piano than the Pianola Piano and its conjunction with the Metrostyle Pianola makes it unquestionably the most useful and desirable of all pianos. Everything that has ever been written or said of the Pianola as a thoroughly artistic means of playing, applies with equal force to the Pianola Piano. The change from hand-playing to Pianola-playing is made in a few seconds by merely letting down the pedals, sliding a panel, and inserting the music roll, thus obtaining access to the immense Pianola repertoire of over 18,000 compositions, many of which, with the aid of the Metrostyle, can be played by anyone exactly as they have been performed by some great authority. Entertainment and instruction, such as can be obtained in no other way, are provided for young and old, novice and adept, by the Pianola Piano, the first and only complete piano. Make this Christmas memorable by the purchase of this invaluable instrument, which will be a never-ending source of pleasure to you, to your friends, and to your family. On no account omit to call at Æolian Hall, or, if impossible, write for Pianola Piano Catalogue H.

The ORCHESTRELLE CO., Æolian Hall, 135-6-7, New Bond St., London, W.

## PETER ROBINSON'S



*The Largest Establishment  
in the Kingdom*

Devoted exclusively to everything for  
Ladies', Gentlemen's, & Children's Wear.

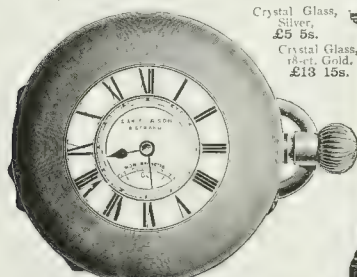


OXFORD ST & REGENT ST.

S. SMITH & SON, LTD.,

XMAS PRESENTS that will last a lifetime.  
All English Manufacture.

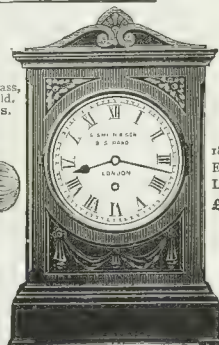
"STRAND" Watches and Clocks.



All English Lever.  
Full Hunting Cases, Silver, £8 6s.; Half-Hunting Cases, Silver, £6 15s.; 18-carat Gold, £16 10s.

18-carat Gold Alberts for presentation with above from £5 5s.; Silver, 10s. 6d.

Crystal Glass,  
Silver,  
£5 5s.  
Crystal Glass,  
18-ct. Gold,  
£13 15s.



All English Timepiece.  
In Polished Mahogany or Fumed Oak Cases, height, 13 inches. £5 5 0 packed and delivered.



By Appointment to H.M. the King.

LADIES' LEVER WATCHES.



LATEST NOVELTY:



Exact reproduction of any car, in fine quality Brilliants, £25. Enamel, £10 10 0.

A choice of Cocoa to suit your taste

Either  
the most nutritious and  
strength-giving

**EPPS'S**  
GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.  
**COCOA**

A delicious drink and  
a sustaining food.

Or, a lighter  
and thinner drink, refreshing  
and stimulating.

**EPPS'S**  
(Improved.)  
**COCOA**  
**ESSENCE**

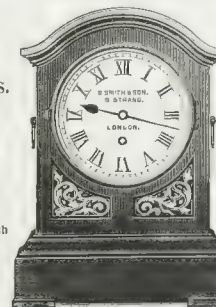
Welcome at any hour  
of the day.

WATCHMAKERS to the ADMIRALTY,

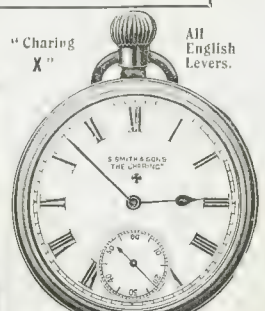
9, STRAND, LONDON.

WRITE for Illustrated Catalogues "A" of  
Jewellery, Clocks and Watches.

"STRAND" Clocks.



All English Timepiece.  
In Polished Mahogany or Fumed Oak Cases, with Brass Mounts, height, 13 inches. £5 5 0, packed and delivered.



In Sterling Silver Cases, £2 2 0 each.

Our "Charing X" watches are  
the best value obtainable.



"Yes, yes," he muttered. They looked at him. He couldn't swallow!

And now, beneath the table, his leg gave a sudden, ominous jerk. He felt it; it was dead already. His skin, hot and dry before, grew clammy. Those horrible hands still crashed out their discords. Fireworks fizzed, and popped, and whistled, echoing among the mountains.

He staggered suddenly to his feet. "Anna, I'm poisoned—I'm poisoned—I'm a dead man!" he gasped.

Once out, the choking cry itself added to his terror. Terror! That, too, was a symptom. He was a lump, quivering mass of nerves now, on his knees, moaning, "O Padre Nosso!" and babbling of his sins. Anna knelt beside him, very pale. What was it? It couldn't have been the wine—it must be something he had eaten.

"Quick, Constança," she cried; "bring mustard and warm water!"

"O, Anna, I'm dying—dying!"

"O, Manoel, Manoel!" She tears kissing him, begging his recovery. She had not meant anything. She was only teasing—because he was always jealous. She wanted to punish him for talking to her about the sailor the other night. She was a wicked girl; but she did love him. "Oh, you mustn't die, Manoel! Don't die, Manoel, dear!"

Bailey and Simmons staggered up with a great water-bucket, used for horses and oxen, thinking vaguely that, tilted over him, it might do good. Constança, followed by a man and woman from the inn, brushed the sailors aside. "Drink this," she said. Manoel Pinto was led behind the stack of fagots. He was in the midst of pained agonies, when Luiz Andrade thrust through the little crowd. He bent



"Oh, what a joke!"

more water! But what a joke for the Pontinha bathers in the morning! Manoel's poison!" He shook convulsively, gripping the side of the sledge. "Oh, what a joke!" At Funchal he stood himself some tinta on the strength of it—unwatered.

THE END.

down beside his friend. "What is it, Manoel? What's the matter?"

"Air! Air!" gasped Manoel feebly. The chemist turned his twinkling glasses on the watchers, and motioned them back. Manoel, hoping now for some effective antidote, whispered his confession. "What, the big jar? On the bottom shelf?" He made a strangled noise, almost hysterical; Manoel felt his last hope going. "Anna, bring a glass of aguardiente," cried Andrade.

"Is there no hope?" moaned Manoel.

"Yes, yes, I think we'll pull you round. I think the worst's over."

The spirit, or Andrade's words, worked wonders. When Bailey and Simmons left to join their ships, Manoel was himself again, though pale, and still shaky. "You'll soon get over that," said Andrade. "Going down now? Well, I'll see you to-morrow at the Pontinha."

Lights twinkled from the warships, as Manoel and Anna, coming down to Funchal, arm-in-arm, watched the sea through August leaves. Very faintly came the strains of "God Save the King" from the British vessel; they died away into night silence; then "The Star-Spangled Banner" took their place. For the first time Manoel listened with a good heart. Behind, from the summit, faint poppings and booms at intervals told them that the Festa of Our Lady was dying hard.

Andrade chuckled gleefully, as he stepped into the *carinho* an hour later. "Confound him, though," he muttered, "I'll have to distil some

**Yes Sir! the**  
**KROPP**  
**RAZOR**

English Manufacture

**is a pleasure to use**  
**& never requires grinding**

BLACK HANDLE 5/6 each    IVORY HANDLE 7/6 each

WHOLESALE: OSBORNE, GARRETT, & CO, LONDON, W.C.

**ROBINSON'S** Patent  
**GROATS**

FOR THE MOTHER

FOR THE BABY

**ROBINSON'S** Patent  
**BARLEY**

KEEN, ROBINSON & CO, LTD LONDON, E.  
 Purveyors to THE LATE QUEEN.



**THE WORLD-FAMED**

# Angelus Piano

**PIANO & PLAYER COMBINED**

As it is based on the Royal and the Grandest Music, the IDEAL COMBINATION OF TWO WORLD-RENOWNED INSTRUMENTS: THE Angelus-Brinsmead Piano THE UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS OF THE ARTIST'S AND THE COMPOSER'S PHrasing Lever, and Accordion Lever, and the Diaphragm Pneumatics.

*The First Complete Piano A Masterpiece of Inventive Genius.*

HERBERT MARSHALL, Dept. 2, Angelus Hall, Regent House, 233 Regent St. London, W.

## E. BROWN & SON'S

7, GARRICK STREET, LONDON, W.C.; & AT 26, RUE BERGÈRE, PARIS.

### BOOT PREPARATIONS.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.



**MELTONIAN BLACKING.**  
(As used in the Royal Household.)  
Renders the Boots Soft, Durable, and Fruiting Patent Leather.



**MELTONIAN CREAM.**  
(White or Black.)  
Cannot be equalled for Dressing and Polishing all kinds of Glacé Kid Boots and Shoes.



**ROYAL LUTETIAN CREAM.**  
The best for Cleaning and Polishing all kinds of Leather Boots and Shoes.



**NONPAREIL DE GUICHE Parisian Polish.**  
For Varnishing Dress Boots and Shoes.

## ABSOLUTELY PURE.

No article of consumption has been subjected to closer scrutiny than whisky. Few whiskies have stood the examination, but every test and every investigation have shown that Old Bushmills is a pure Malt Pot Still Whisky, distilled under such conditions as to ensure its reaching the consumer in a state of absolute purity.

# Old Bushmills Whisky

Can be obtained from all Wine Merchants; or on application to the "Old Bushmills" Distillery Co., Ltd., Belfast, or to their London Office, 20, Mark Lane, E.C., the address of nearest Agent will be given.

# TOM SMITH'S CRACKERS.

**CAUTION! SEE TOM SMITH'S NAME ON EVERY BOX.**

## HOOPING COUGH. CROUP.

### Roche's Herbal Embrocation.

The Celebrated Effectual Cure without Internal Medicine.

I am a Gentleman, Port-mouth, I have been afflicted with Hooping Cough, Croup, and Asthma, and have tried every remedy, but have not been cured. I have used Roche's Herbal Embrocation, and after using it for a few days, I have found it to be the most effective remedy I have ever used. I have been cured of my Hooping Cough, Croup, and Asthma, and I am now in perfect health. I am very much obliged to you for the cure. Yours faithfully, KATE EARLY.

Dear Sirs—My little boy, now four years, has had a severe attack of Whooping Cough, bleeding from the nose and mouth.

I obtained a bottle of your Roche's Embrocation, the effect was really wonderful, the cough changed and his breathing was much easier from the first night, it is now three weeks since I first used it, and a friend told me yesterday it's difficult to believe he is cured.

I have very great pleasure in telling you this, and hope others having children suffering from this horrible complaint will do as I did.

Yours faithfully, MARY L. LEE.

**BRONCHITIS. RHEUMATISM. LUMBAGO.**

Copy of an Order received.—"Business Meltzinger requests Messrs. Edwards to send him a bottle of Roche's Herbal Embrocation, for the cure of his Hooping Cough, to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland." "Poussin, Vienna, March 24, 1888."

This Order was repeated 1894, 1899, 1903, and 1905.

Price is, one bottle.

Sole Wholesale Agents: W. EDWARDS & SON, 11, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON.

Paris: ROB. RITZ & CO., 5, Rue de la Paix. New York: FOUQUERA & CO., 90, Beekman Street.

## G. E. LEWIS' "THE GUN OF THE PERIOD."

Paris, 1889, 1894, 1899, 1903, and 1905.

Price is, one bottle.

Sole Wholesale Agents: W. EDWARDS & SON, 11, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON.

Paris: ROB. RITZ & CO., 5, Rue de la Paix. New York: FOUQUERA & CO., 90, Beekman Street.

Price is, one bottle.

Sole Wholesale Agents: W. EDWARDS & SON, 11, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON.

Paris: ROB. RITZ & CO., 5, Rue de la Paix. New York: FOUQUERA & CO., 90, Beekman Street.

Price is, one bottle.

Sole Wholesale Agents: W. EDWARDS & SON, 11, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON.

Paris: ROB. RITZ & CO., 5, Rue de la Paix. New York: FOUQUERA & CO., 90, Beekman Street.

Price is, one bottle.

Sole Wholesale Agents: W. EDWARDS & SON, 11, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON.

Paris: ROB. RITZ & CO., 5, Rue de la Paix. New York: FOUQUERA & CO., 90, Beekman Street.

Price is, one bottle.

Sole Wholesale Agents: W. EDWARDS & SON, 11, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON.

Paris: ROB. RITZ & CO., 5, Rue de la Paix. New York: FOUQUERA & CO., 90, Beekman Street.

Price is, one bottle.

Sole Wholesale Agents: W. EDWARDS & SON, 11, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON.

Paris: ROB. RITZ & CO., 5, Rue de la Paix. New York: FOUQUERA & CO., 90, Beekman Street.

Price is, one bottle.



PASTE IN TINS.

LIQUID IN CANS.

With the least exertion, and at the smallest cost, all ages of men and women can shine with the aid of

# GLOBE METAL POLISH

RAIMES & CO., LTD., Tredegar Works, Bow, London, E., and Stockton-on-Tees

**THE EMBLEMS OF MILDNESS & STRENGTH.**

# J.R.D. THREE STARS

# SCOTCH

**A POWERFUL BUT GENTLE PICK-ME-UP.**

## DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA

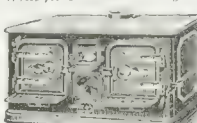
75 PER CENT. FUEL SAVED

### "WILSON" PATENT PORTABLE COOKING RANGES.

35 GOLD and other MEDALS and AWARDS.

OVER 25 YEARS' REPUTATION.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue No. 76, (Post Free)



The most Durable, Economical, Simple, and Efficient Range in the World.

How to save fuel and get the most out of your range will cure smoke, and consume their smoke. Inspection invited.

THE WILSON ENGINEERING CO., LTD., 259, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

# PASTA MACK

**A DELIGHTFUL NECESSITY FOR BATH AND TOILET.**

**PASTA MACK SOAP.**



# OUR FINE-ART PLATES.

A small selection from our fully illustrated Catalogue of about 200 Fine-Art Plates.



ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER.  
22 in. by 14 in. Artist's Proofs, limited to 200, £3 3s.; Unsigned Proofs, £2 2s.; Prints, £1 1s.

These Three Plates are from the Paintings Exhibited at the Royal Academy by  
MARCUS STONE, R.A.



A WELCOME FOOTSTEP.  
The fine Mezzotint by GILBERT HEATER, 21½ in. by 25 in., Artist's Proofs stamped by The Print-sellers' Association, a few at £3 3s. Prints, £1 1s.

A Discount of twenty per cent. is allowed off the prices of these Proofs and Prints when the three are purchased.



HIS SHIP IN SIGHT.  
21½ in. by 22 in. Artist's Proofs, £3 3s. Unsigned Proofs, £2 2s.; Prints, £1 1s.



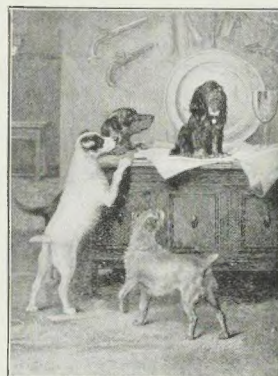
NO HUNTING TO-DAY.  
16½ in. by 21 in. After the last painting by W. H. Troop. Proofs, £1 1s. Prints, 10s. 6d.

Should you require any of our Plates



A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.  
11½ in. by 10 in. An Etching by C. O. MURRAY, after E. CAIRNELL. Artist's Proofs, £1 1s.; Prints, 10s. 6d.

Apply to your Picture Framer or Stationer.



HE BEARS HIS BLUSHING HONOURS THICK UPON HIM.  
The fine Etching by C. O. MURRAY, after W. H. Troop. Size of work, 11 in. by 14½ in. Artist's Proofs published at £3 3s. Our price, £1 11s. 6d. Prints at £1 1s. Our price, 10s. 6d.



THE LAST DANCE.  
"Mine, I think!"  
20 in. by 15 in. After J. HAYNES-WILLIAMS. Artist's Proofs, published at £4 4s., all sold; Prints, 10s. 6d.

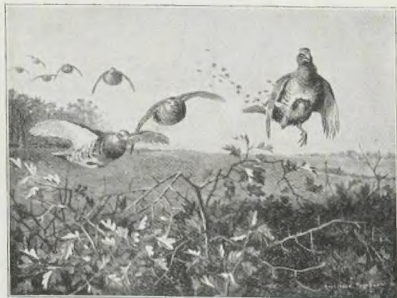
"TOUCH ME IF YOU DARE." PENSIVE. OUR LEARNED FRIEND.  
After CECIL ALDIN. Three Pictures in Photogravure upon one Plate, size 20 in. by 15 in., including margin, Proofs before letters, 10s. 6d. Prints, 5s. each.



THE STORY OF THE ELOPEMENT.  
Also "The Reconciliation" companion plate.  
After JOHN LOMAX, 25 in. by 16½ in. Artist's Proofs, £1 11s. 6d.; Unsigned Proofs, £1 1s.; Prints, 10s. 6d. each.



OUR GREAT-GRANDMOTHERS.  
15 in. by 10½ in. A beautiful facsimile Photogravure in Colours from the Copper Plate after Marie Seymour Lucas, published at £3 3s., our price, £1 11s. 6d. Issue of 200 only; Plate destroyed by Mr. Lucas, in our possession.



PARTRIDGES.  
After ARCHIBALD THORNBURN. 16 in. by 11 in. Price 10s. 6d. per Proof.

Any of our Plates may be had beautifully coloured by hand in permanent Water-colours at an extra charge of 10 6.

All of the above Plates are done in the best style of Photogravure, except where stated to be an etching, etc. They are printed very carefully by hand upon India Paper, with the usual large margin of thick paper, and the sizes given are of the actual picture surface.

Apply the "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," F.A. Dept., 172, Strand, London, W.C.  
N.B.—Our Plates may now be obtained at most Fine-Art Galleries, Picture Framers, Stationers, and the Fine-Art Departments of large Drapery Establishments.



"NO GAME LAWS FOR ME!"  
After G. E. TONER. 11 in. by 10 in. Artist's Proofs, £1 11s. 6d.; Unsigned Proofs, £1 1s.; Prints, 10s. 6d.



BLACK GAME.  
After ARCHIBALD THORNBURN. 16 in. by 11 in. Price 10s. 6d. per Proof.

Illustrated Catalogue Free. Inspection Invited.  
Framing To Order. Unframed Plates Post and Packing Free.

WEST END AGENTS—Messrs. BASSANO, 25, Old Bond Street, W.  
PUBLISHERS FOR INDIA—The Eastern Art Bureau, 1, Hart Street, Calcutta.



**'Peace hath Higher Tests of Manhood than Battle ever knew.'**

**QUEEN VICTORIA'S PRIZE—TO THE FAITHFULLEST!**

—WHITTIER.

Not to the Cleverest! nor the Most Bookish! nor the Most Precise, Diligent, and Prudent: But to the

# NOBLEST WORK OF CREATION.

In other words, "His Life was Gentle, and the Elements so mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the World,

**THIS WAS A MAN."**—SHAKESPEARE.

**NOBILITY.** "It was very characteristic of the late Prince Consort—a man himself of the purest mind, who powerfully impressed and influenced others by sheer force of his own benevolent nature—when drawing up the conditions of the annual prize to be given by HER LATE MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA at Wellington College, to determine that it should be awarded *not to the cleverest boy, nor the most bookish boy, nor to the most precise, diligent, and prudent boy, but to the NOBLEST boy, to the boy who should show the most promise of becoming a LARGE-HEARTED, HIGH-MOTIVED MAN.*"—SMILES.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;  
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;  
We choose the shadow, but the sun  
That casts it shines behind us still.

And each good thought or action moves the dark world nearer to the sun

**A POWER THAT CANNOT DIE!**

REVERENCE IS THE CHIEF JOY OF THIS LIFE.

**INFINITUDE.**

All Objects are as Windows, through which the Philosophic Eye looks into Infinitude itself.



PLATO MEDITATING ON IMMORTALITY BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL, AND POPPY, ABOUT 400 B.C.

**THE BREAKING OF LAWS, REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS.**

Instincts, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Follies. Discipline and Self-Denial, that Precious Boon, the Highest and Best in this Life.

**O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOR! THOU ART ABOVE GOLD AND TREASURE!**

'It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!—else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire, this longing after immortality?'—Addison

'There is no Death! What seems so is transition; this life of mortal breath is but a suburb of the life elysian whose portal we call death.'—Longfellow

'INTO MAN'S HANDS IS PLACED THE RUDDER OF HIS FRAIL BARQUE THAT HE MAY NOT ALLOW THE WAVES TO WORK THEIR WILL.'—Goethe.

## SUBSTANCES IN THE BLOOD THAT ARE HURTFUL AND INJURIOUS TO HEALTH AND LONGEVITY.

We quote the following from a well-known writer on Pathology:—

"Now, a word on the importance of the regular and proper action of these excretory organs and of the intestinal canal. The former separate substances from the blood that are hurtful if they are kept in the blood. The waste substances that are got rid of by the intestinal canal include the parts of the food that are not digested and certain secretions from the intestinal canal, especially from the large part of the intestine. These substances are injurious if left in the body, as certain portions of them are reabsorbed into the blood, especially the foul organic matter in them, so that if these various excretory organs do not perform their functions in a proper manner, waste substances are either not separated from the blood or are reabsorbed into it and poison it, and as the blood is distributed to the various tissues of the body they are not properly nourished and they become degenerated, weak, and incapable of performing their proper functions, so that the regular action of these excretory organs of the body is of the greatest importance with regard to health, for not a single tissue of the body can be kept in a proper condition if the waste substances are not got rid of in the manner they should."

Were we to mention the many and various diseases caused or produced by blood poisoning, it would require more space than we have at command. To hinder the poison from gaining admission, you must sustain the vital powers by adding to the blood what is continually being lost from various circumstances, and by that means you prevent the poison being retained in the body. The effect of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' is to take away all morbid poisons and supply that which promotes healthy secretions only by natural means. The chemical nature or antidotal power of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' is to expel the foreign substance or render it inert (by natural means only). If we could maintain sufficient vital power we could keep the poison from doing any harm. That power is best attained by following the Rules for Life (see page 10 in Pamphlet), and using, according to directions, Eno's 'Fruit Salt,' which by its healthy action keeps the secretions in perfect order only by soothing and natural laws, or in other words it is impossible to overstate its great power in preventing unnecessary suffering and disease.

**THE JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED WITHOUT SUCH A SIMPLE PRECAUTION AS**

# ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

**A GENTLEMAN WRITES:—**"After 25 years' use I have found a cup of hot tea, taken in the morning about a quarter of an hour after a dose of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' a great boon."

**CAUTION.**—Examine the Capsule, and see that it is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have the sincerest form of flattery—IMITATION.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.





"OFF DUTY."

AFTER THE PAINTING BY JULIUS M. PRICE.





*The Angels' Lullaby.*

*From the painting by L. A. Tessier.*